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LONDON,

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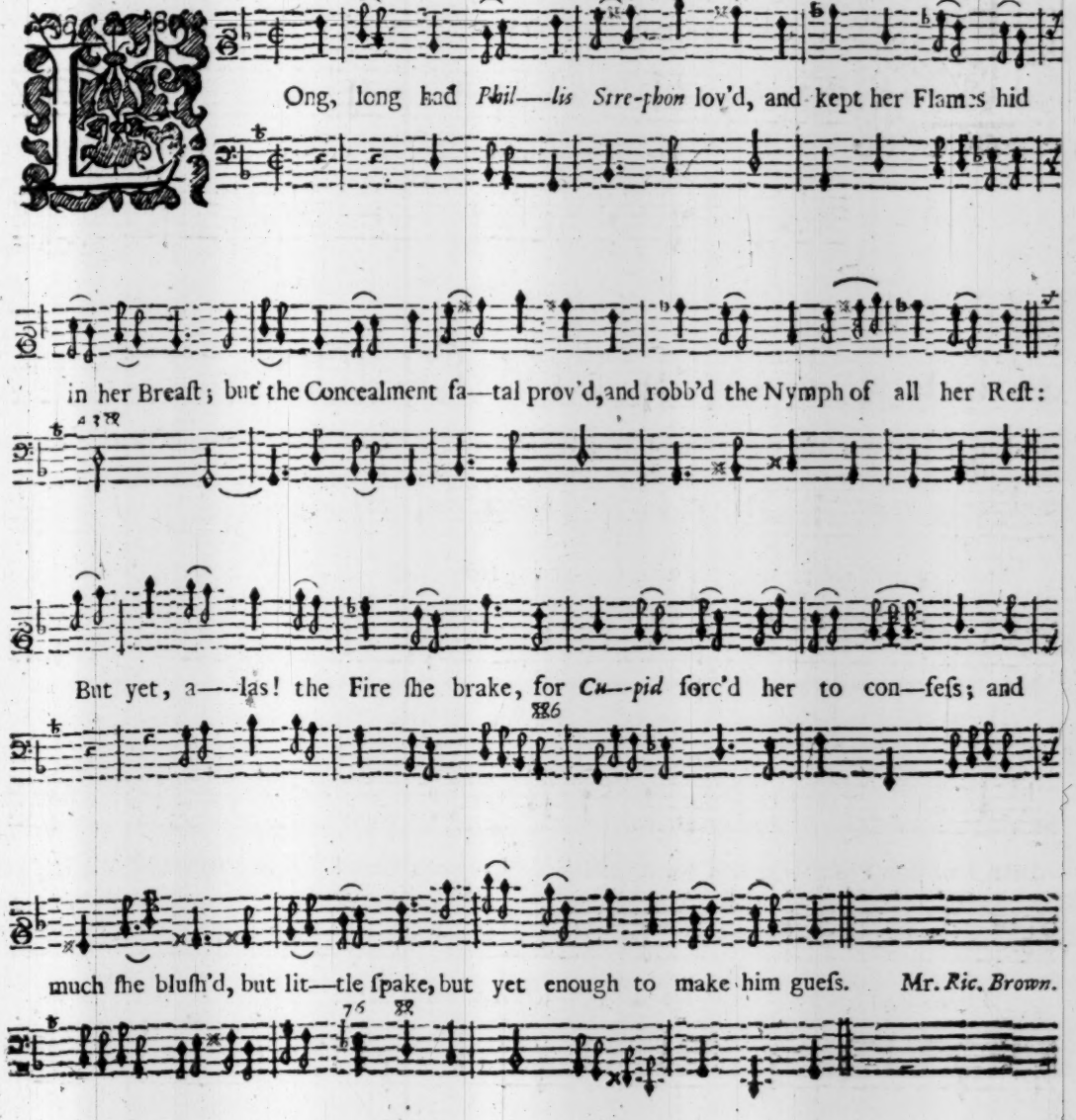
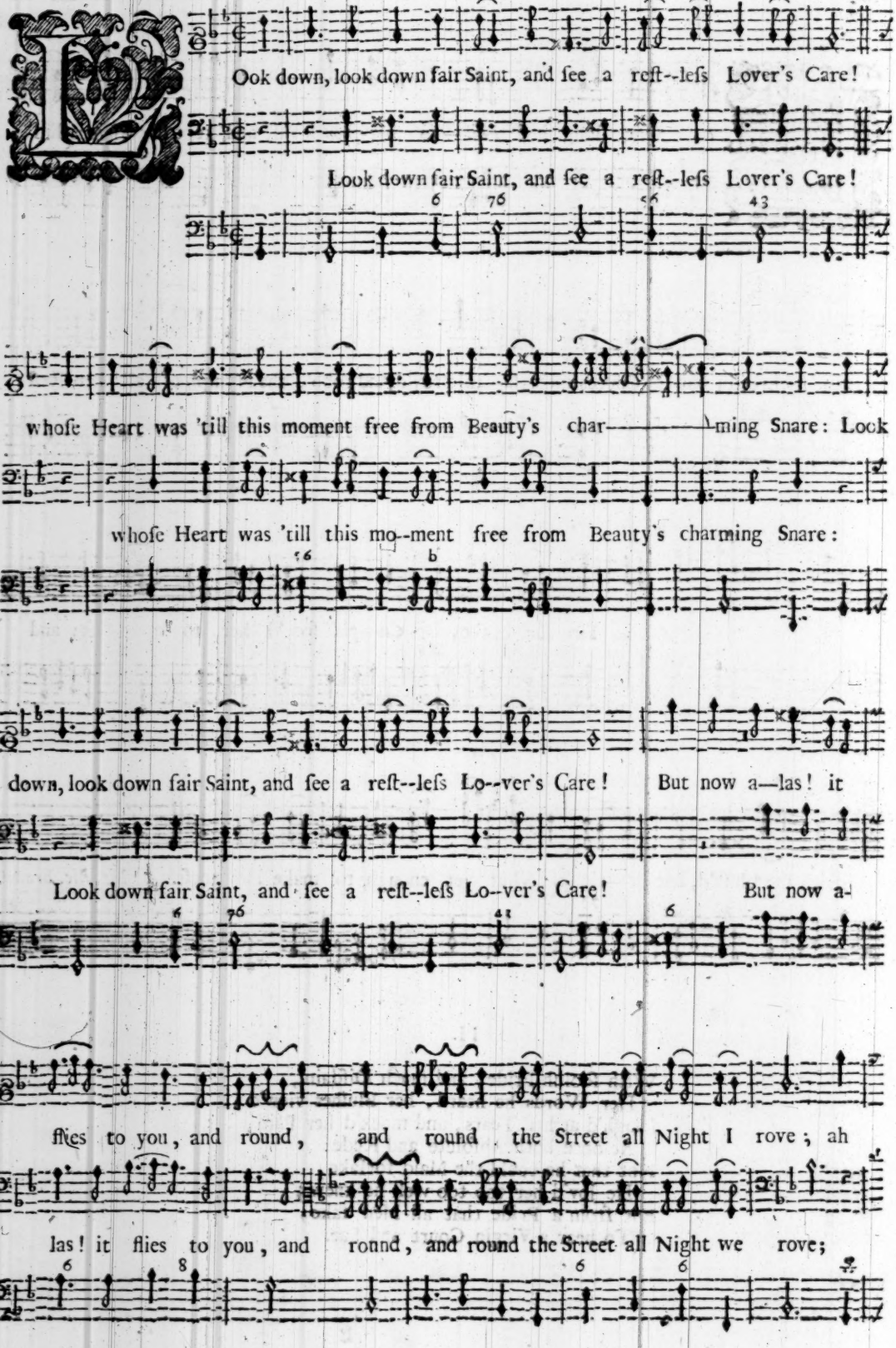
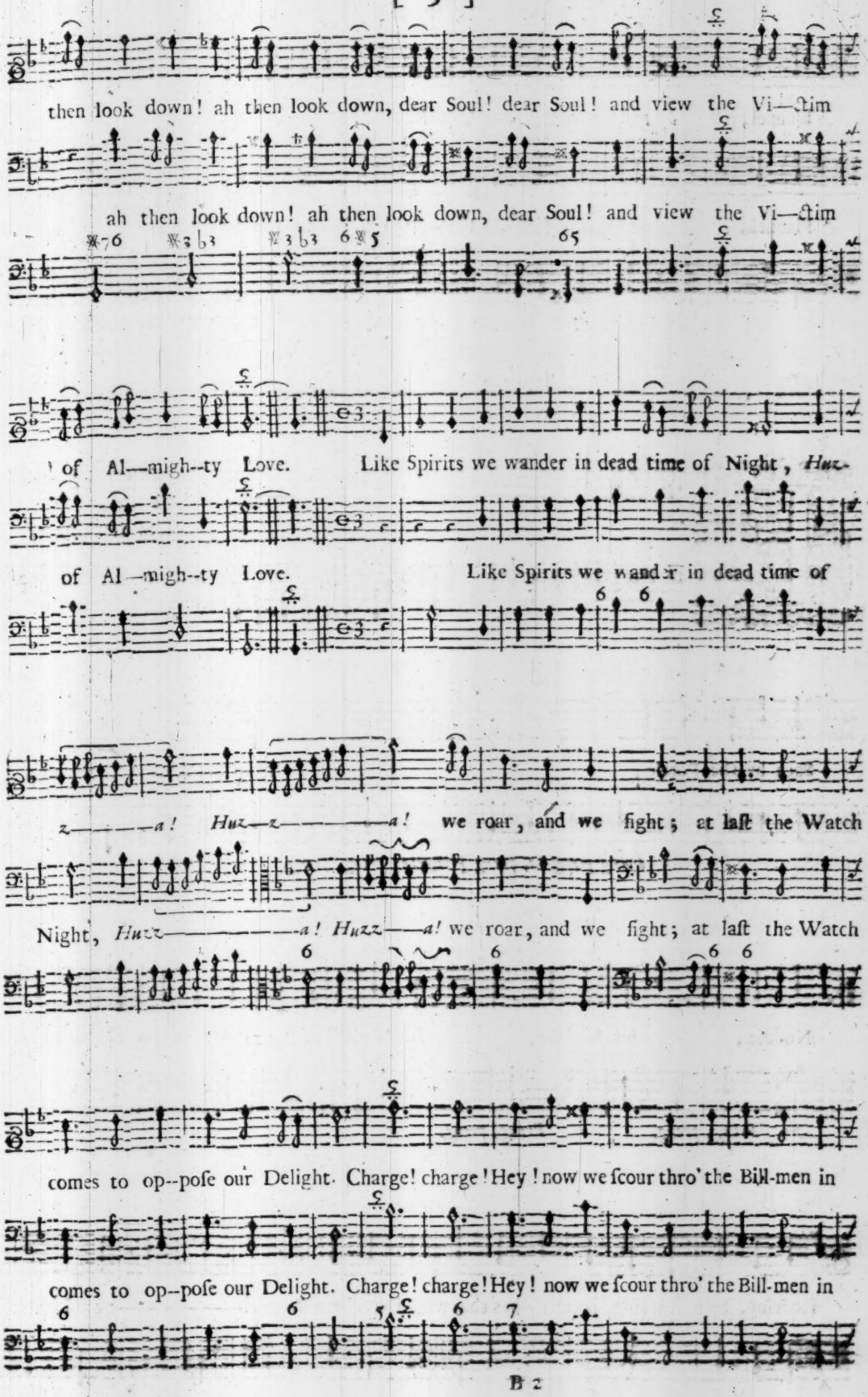


II.

With fooliſh Pride, and much Diſdain,
Her Words he heard, her Bluſhes view'd;
Laugh'd at her Tears, and mock'd her Pain,
At once both Abſolute and Rude:
Not that he could the Maid forſake,
He lov'd her too too well he knew;
But from a Pride that all Men take,
To hear a Virgin Court and Sue.

A SERENADE SONG.




then look down! ah then look down, dear Soul! dear Soul! and view the Vi—ctim
ah then look down! ah then look down, dear Soul! and view the Vi—ctim
of Al—migh--ty Love. Like Spirits we wander in dead time of Night, Huz-
of Al—migh--ty Love. Like Spirits we wander in dead time of
z———a! Huz—z———a! we roar, and we fight; at laſt the Watch
Night, Huzz———a! Huzz——a! we roar, and we fight; at laſt the Watch
comes to op--poſe our Delight. Charge! charge! Hey! now we ſcour thro' the Bill-men in
comes to op--poſe our Delight. Charge! charge! Hey! now we ſcour thro' the Bill-men in

Flannel, and down drops a Con--ſta--ble in—to the Kennel.

Flannel, and down drops a Con--ſta--ble in---to the Kennel.

Mr. *Samuel Akcroyde.*

—Rom drinking of

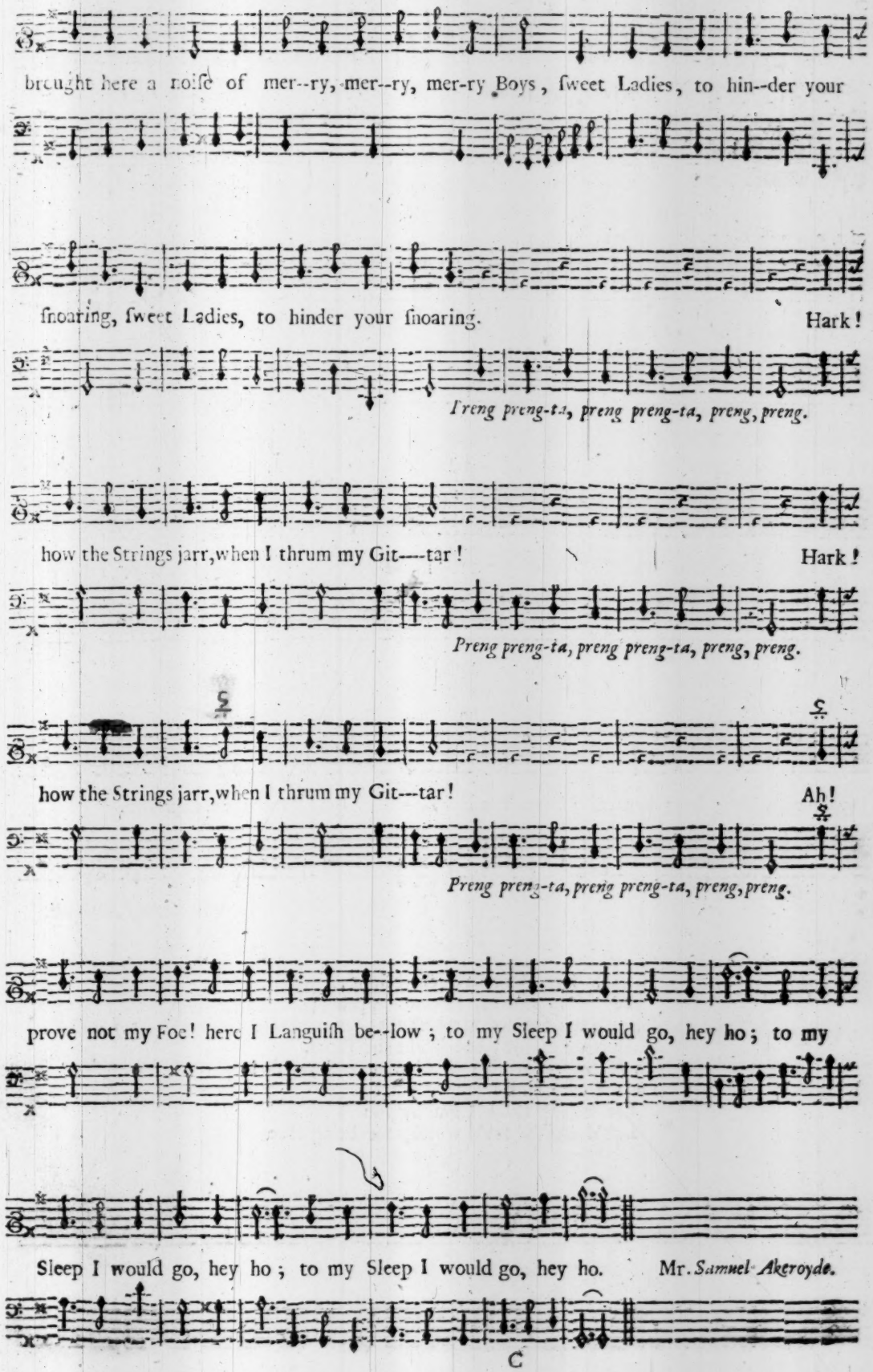
Sack by the Pottle, from breaking a Conſtable's

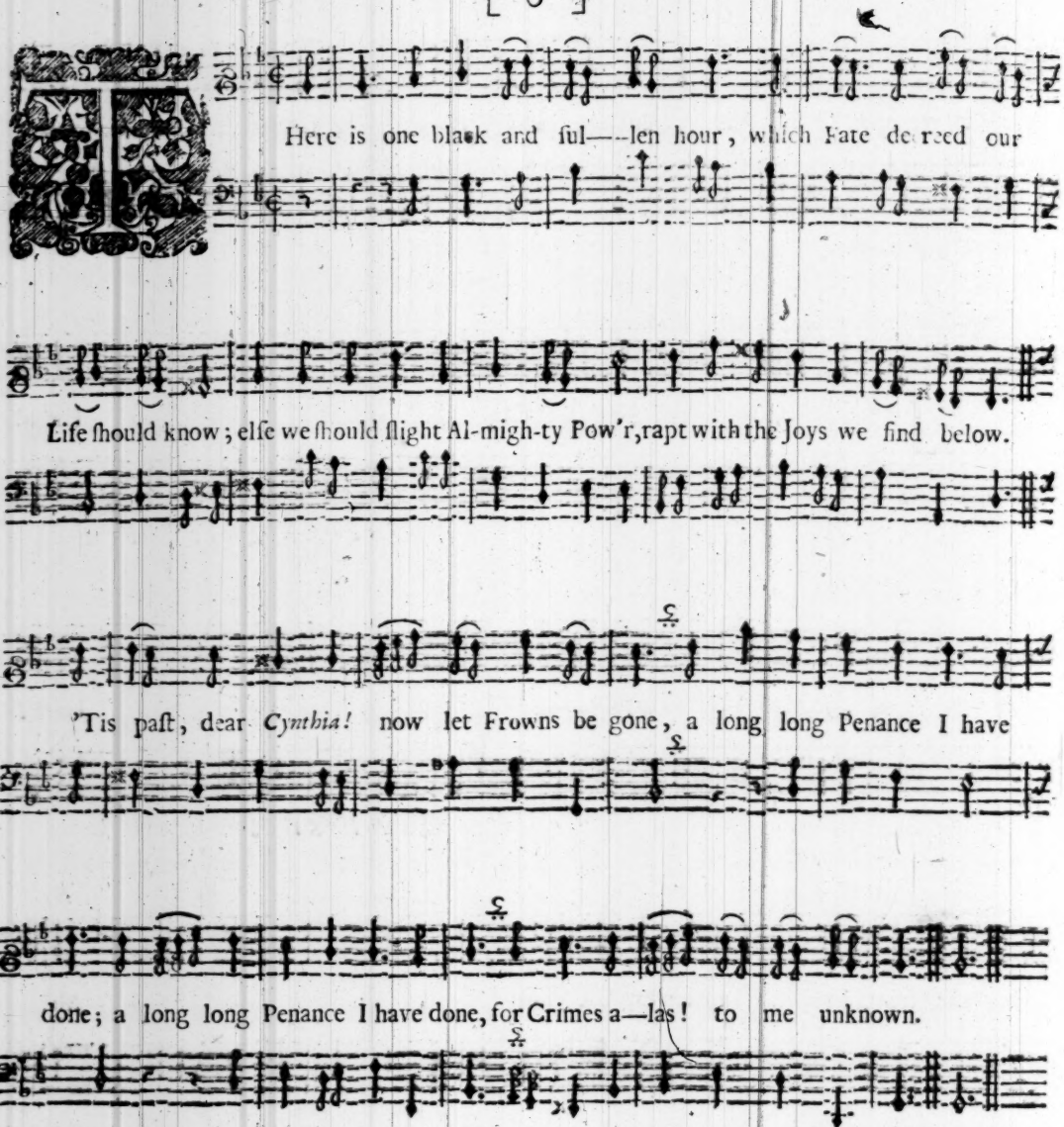
Preng, preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.

Noddle, his Noddle, his Nod--dle; from Bullies that would have been

Preng, preng. *Preng, preng.*

Roaring, been Roaring, from Bullies that would have been Who-ri————ng; I have

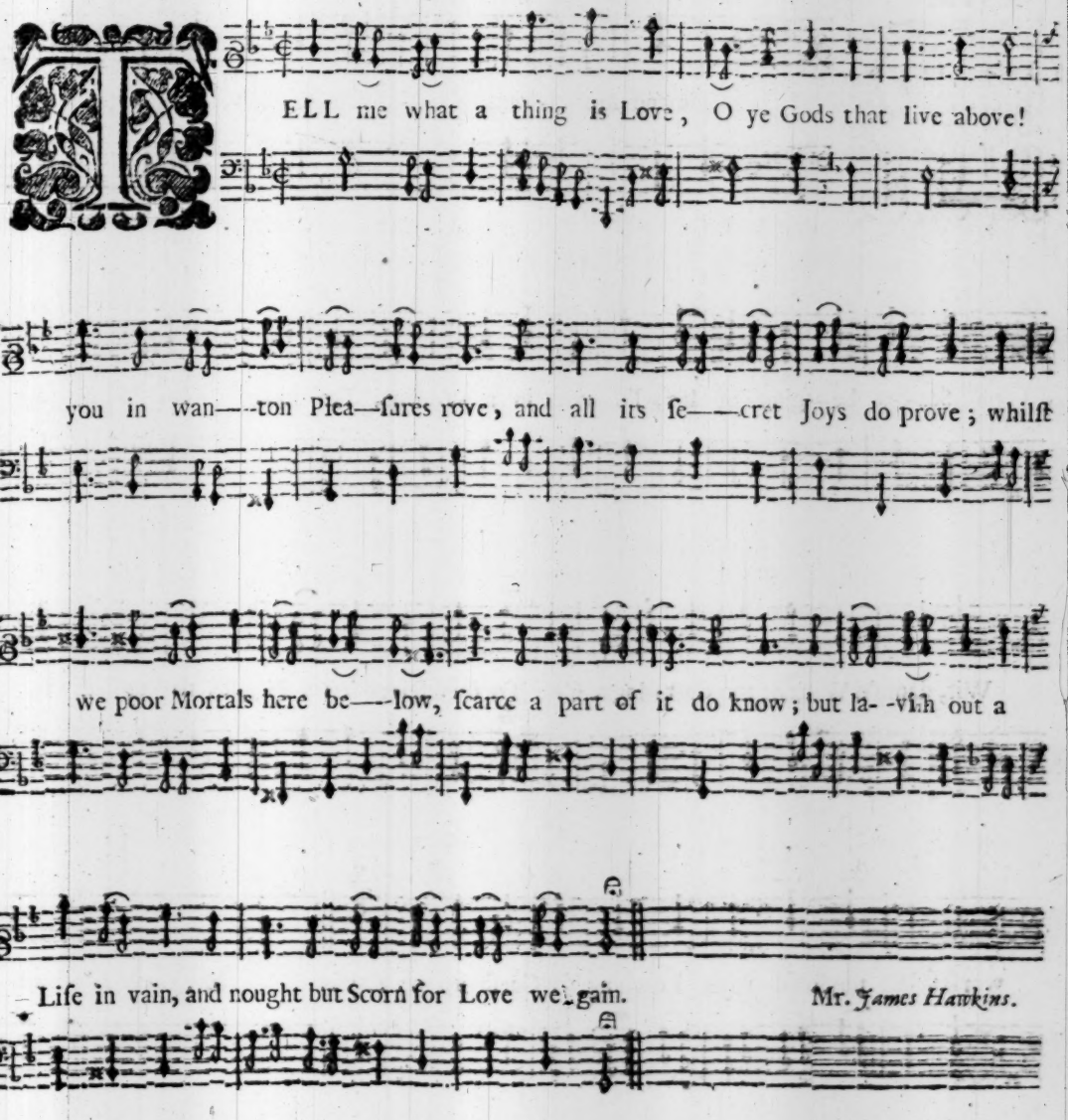

brought here a noiſe of mer--ry, mer--ry, mer-ry Boys, ſweet Ladies, to hin--der your
ſnoaring, ſweet Ladies, to hinder your ſnoaring.
Hark!
Preng preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.
how the Strings jarr, when I thrum my Git---tar!
Hark!
Preng preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.
how the Strings jarr, when I thrum my Git---tar!
Ah!
Preng preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.
prove not my Foe! here I Languiſh be--low; to my Sleep I would go, hey ho; to my
Sleep I would go, hey ho; to my Sleep I would go, hey ho.
Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde.*

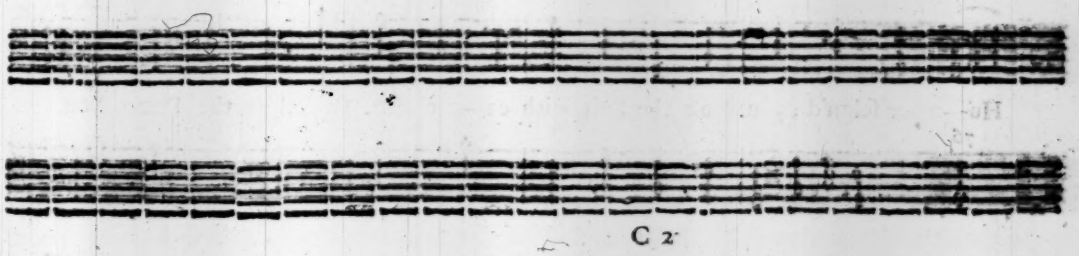
II.

In each ſoft Hour of ſilent Night,
Your Image in my Dreams appears;
I graſp the Soul of my Delight,
Slumber in Joy, but 'wake in Tears.
Ah faithleſs charming Saint! what will you do!
Let me not think I am by you!
Let me not think I am by you
Lov'd worſe, lov'd worſe, for being true.

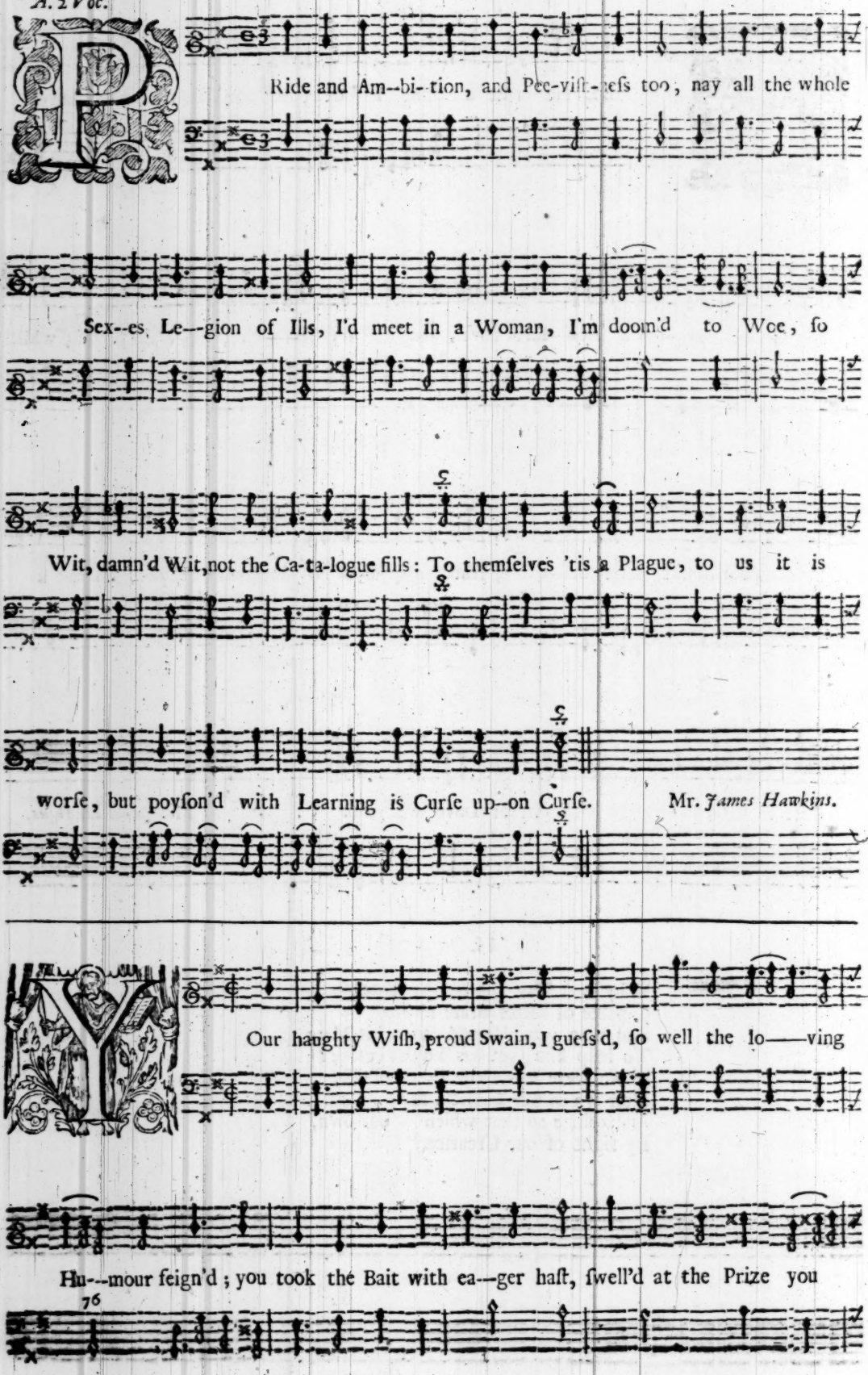


II.

Why was Man cut out by Fate,
Capable of better State?
And why was Woman made his Mate
To help him, yet his Toyles create?
If we were made the Lords of all,
Muſt we to our Subjects fall;
And cringe to that which is our own,
By right of our Creation?



A. 2 Voc.


Pride and Am--bi--tion, and Pee-viſh--neſs too, nay all the whole
Sex--es Le--gion of Ills, I'd meet in a Woman, I'm doom'd to Woe, ſo
Wit, damn'd Wit, not the Ca-ta-logue fills: To themſelves 'tis a Plague, to us it is
worſe, but poyſon'd with Learning is Curſe up--on Curſe.
Mr. James Hawkins.
Our haughty Wiſh, proud Swain, I gueſs'd, ſo well the lo——ving
Hu--mour feign'd; you took the Bait with ea--ger haſt, ſwell'd at the Prize you
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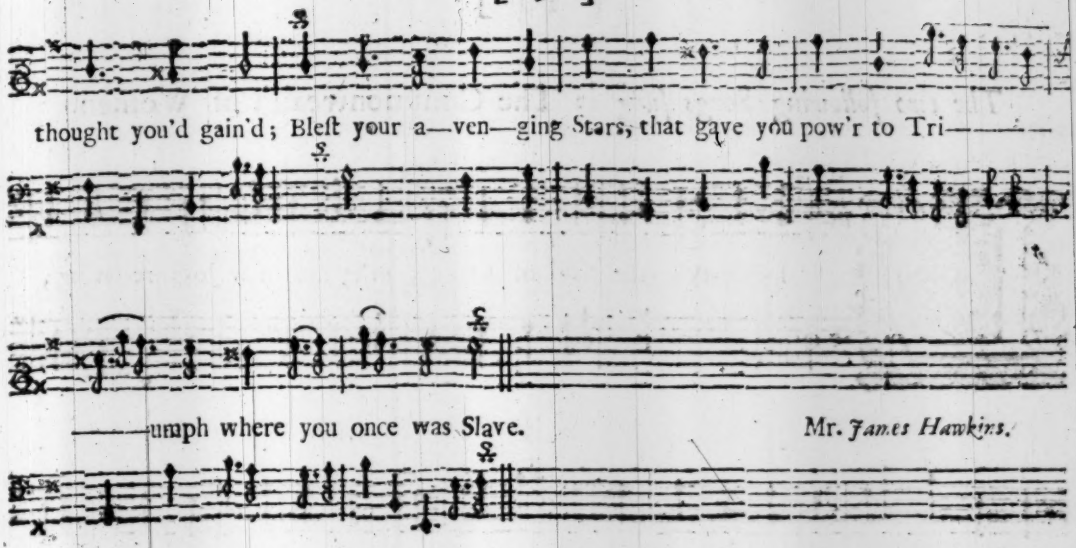
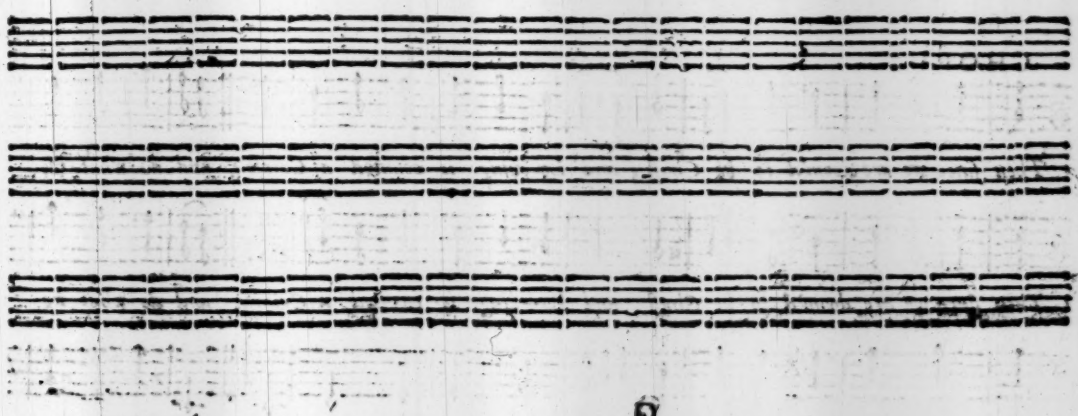


II.

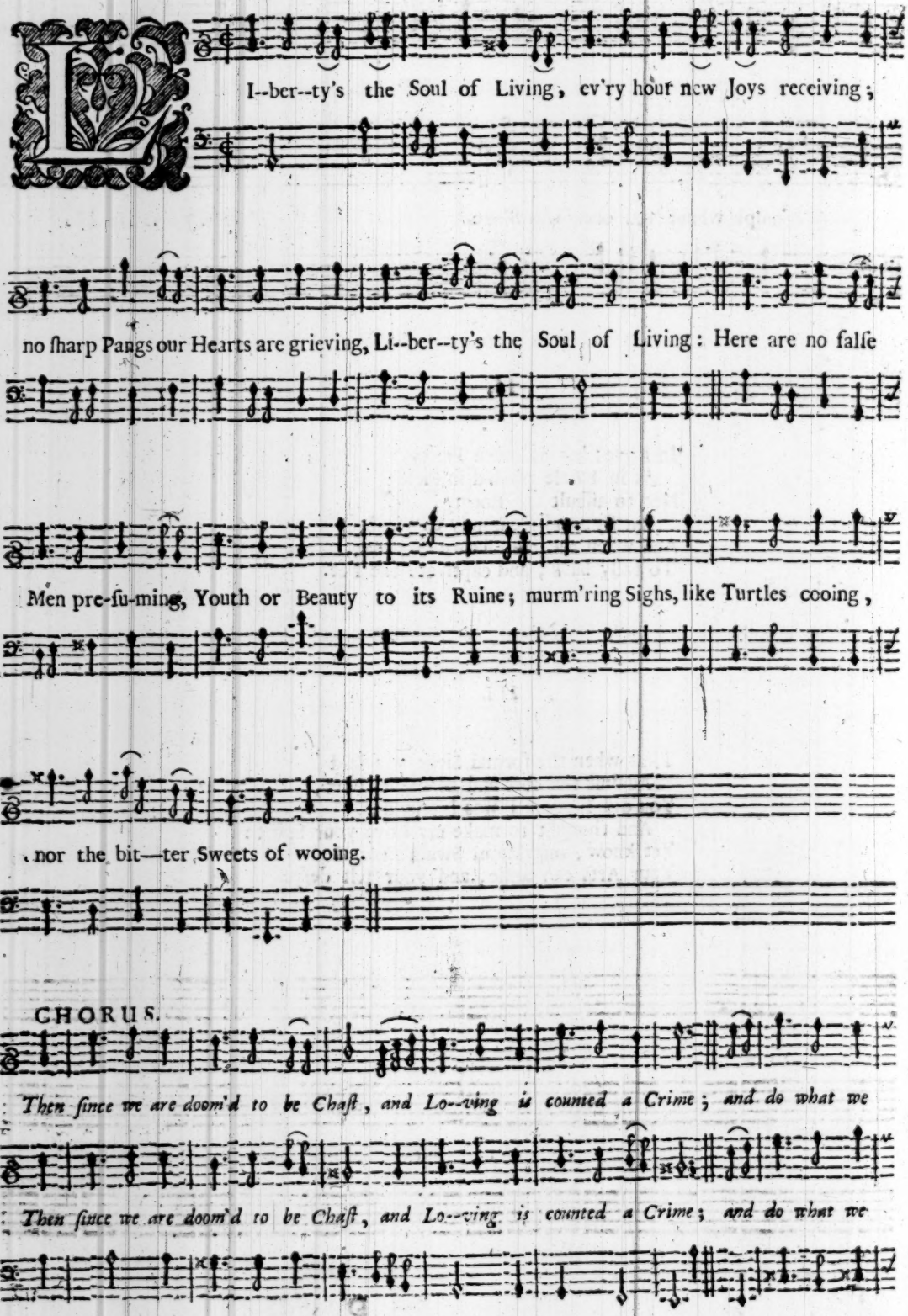
In Love, 'tis as much Policy
  As in Battle pitch'd in Field;
Not to aſſault the Enemy,
  But fly, and ſeemingly to yield,
And when they too ſecure do grow,
To rally back, and captivate the Foe.

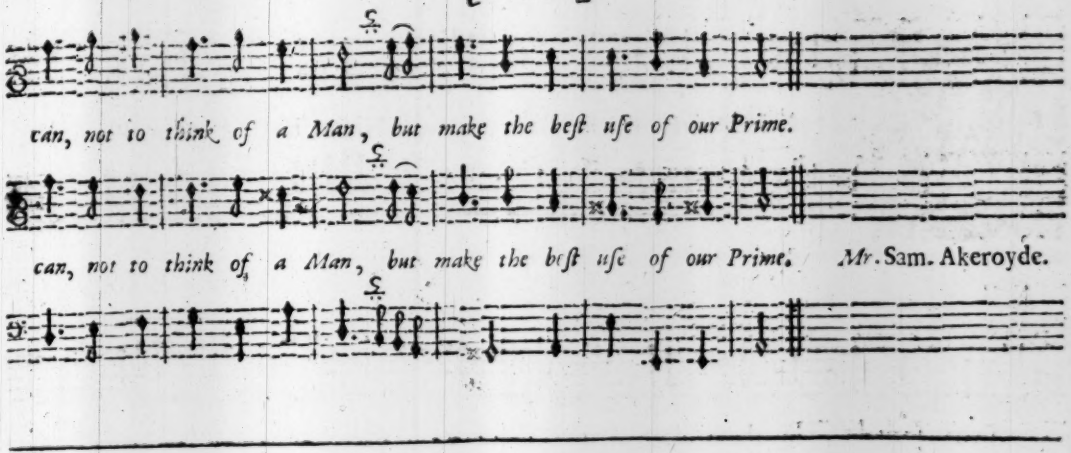
III.

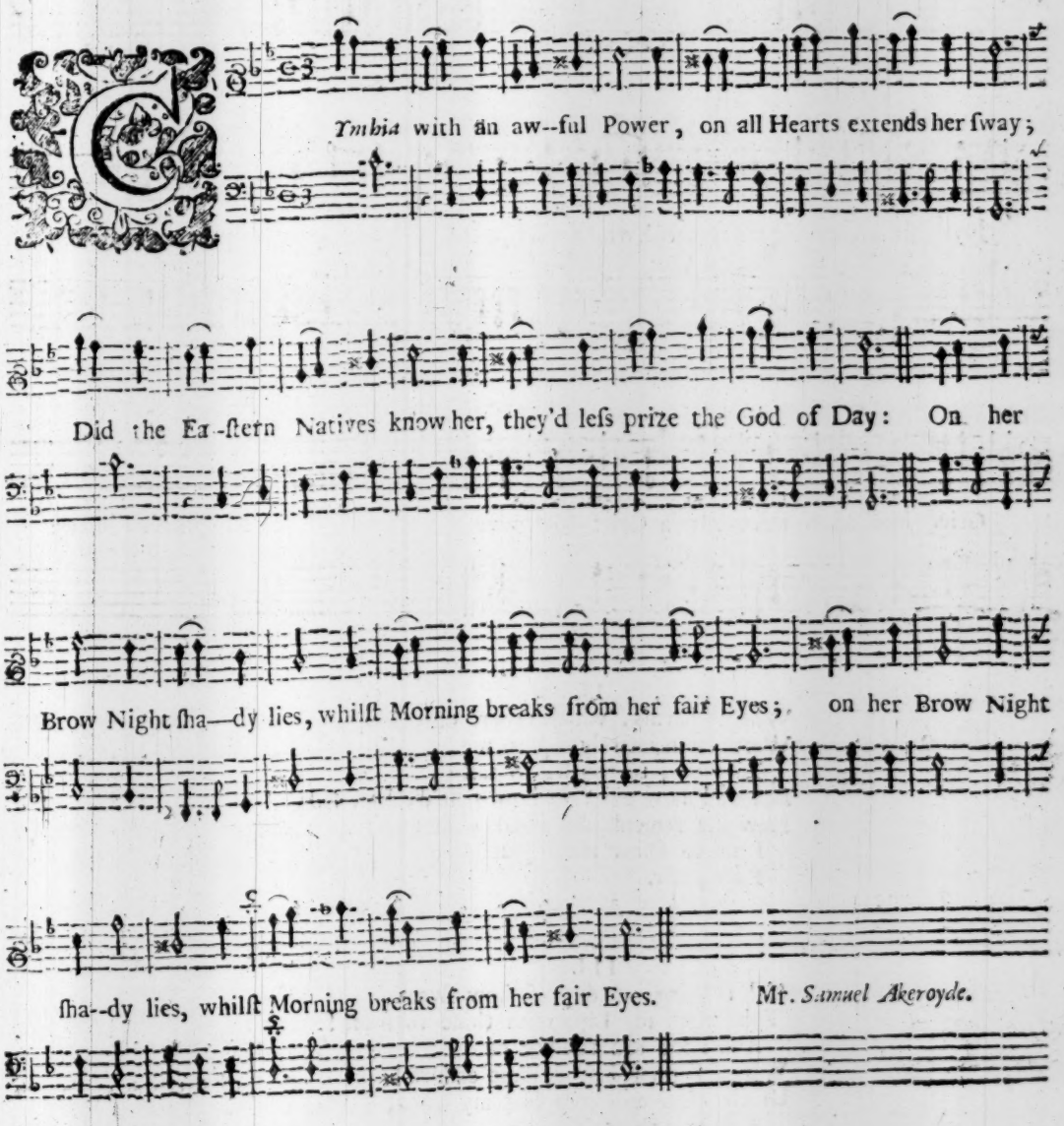
Thus when the formal Siege you laid
  Againſt the ſoft and beauteous Fort,
You did ſuppoſe I was betray'd,
  And thought to make my Love your Sport:
Yet know, ungrateful Swain! that I
Your Arts can baffle, and your ſelf defye.

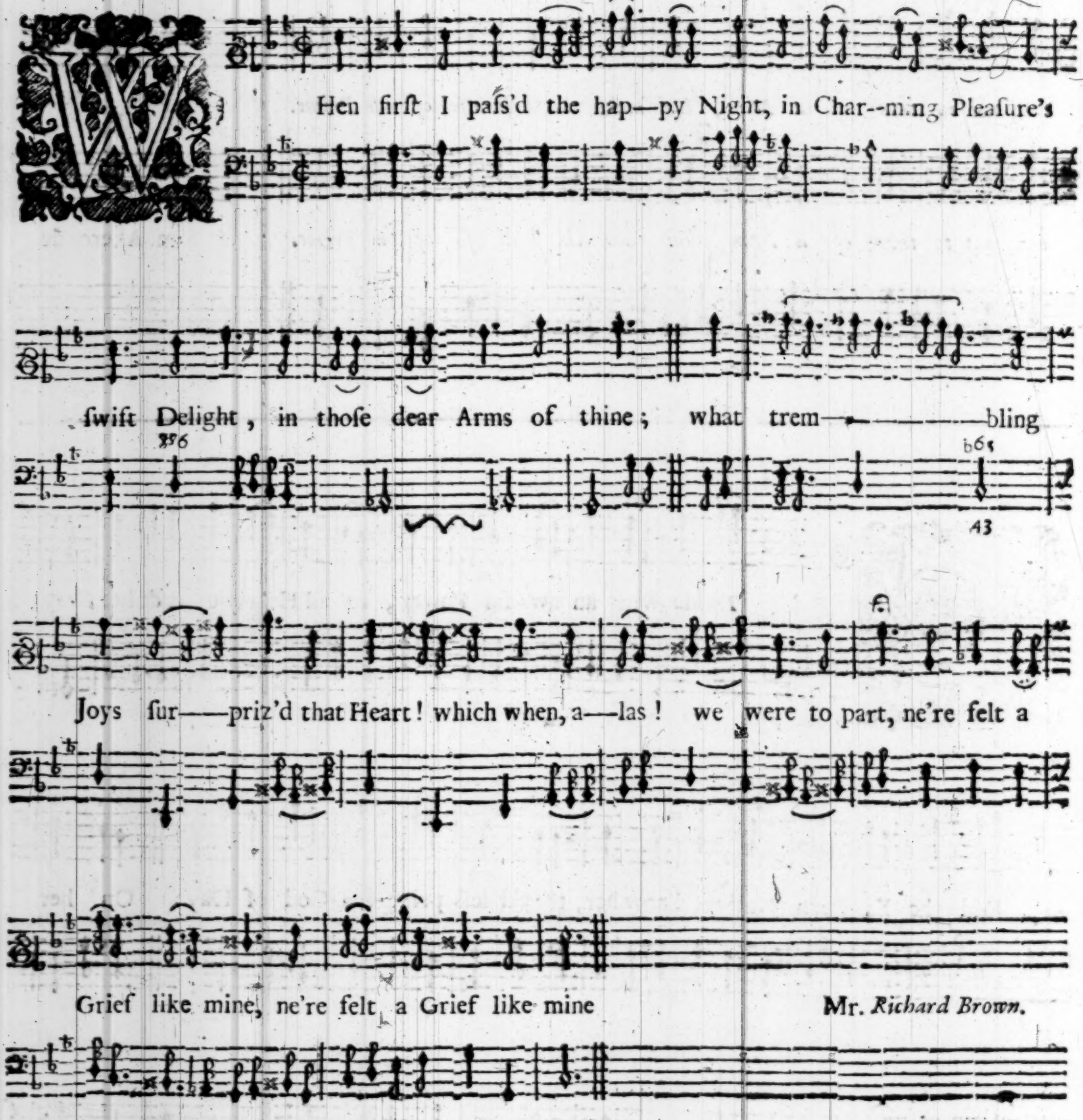


The two following Songs ſung in The Commonwealth of Women.




can, not to think of a Man, but make the beſt uſe of our Prime.
can, not to think of a Man, but make the beſt uſe of our Prime. Mr. Sam. Akeroyde.


Cynthia with an aw--ful Power, on all Hearts extends her ſway;
Did the Ea-ſtern Natives know her, they'd leſs prize the God of Day: On her
Brow Night ſha—dy lies, whilſt Morning breaks from her fair Eyes; on her Brow Night
ſha--dy lies, whilſt Morning breaks from her fair Eyes. Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

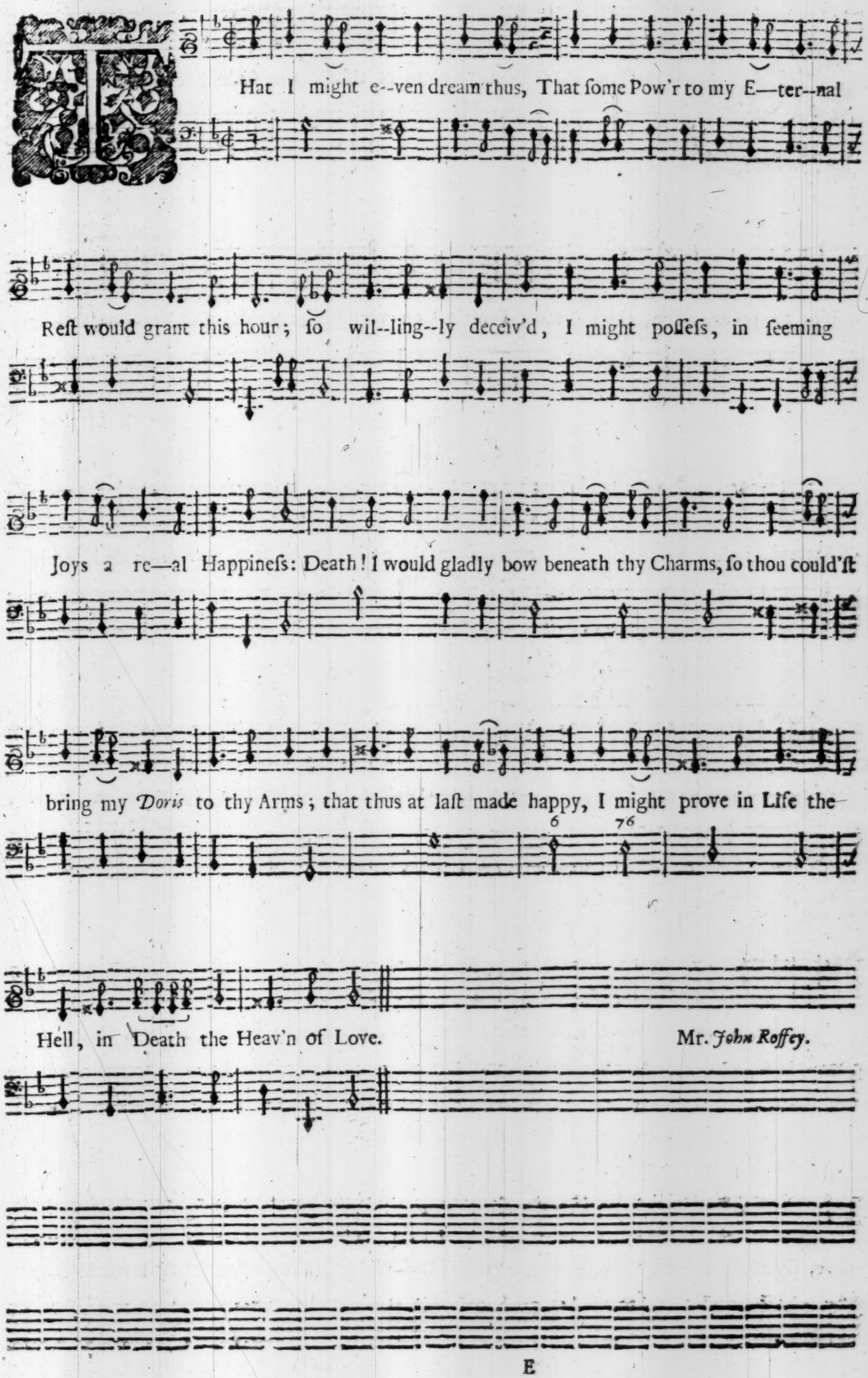


II.

When Charms, which others only ſee,
Were giv'n intirely up to me,
To view, to touch, to taſt;
But oh! how griev'd, how pain'd, how ſad,
How the remembrance makes me mad
I am to know them paſt!
I am, &c.

III.

Ah! nothing can expreſs how ſweet,
'Twas with my Lips with thine to meet!
And none can tell the pain
Which I poor Lover muſt endure!
Unleſs thou wilt compleat my Cure,
And give thy ſelf again.
And give, &c.


THat I might e--ven dream thus, That ſome Pow'r to my E—ter--nal
Reſt would grant this hour; ſo wil--ling--ly deceiv'd, I might poſſeſs, in ſeeming
Joys a re—al Happineſs: Death! I would gladly bow beneath thy Charms, ſo thou could'ſt
bring my Doris to thy Arms; that thus at laſt made happy, I might prove in Life the
6
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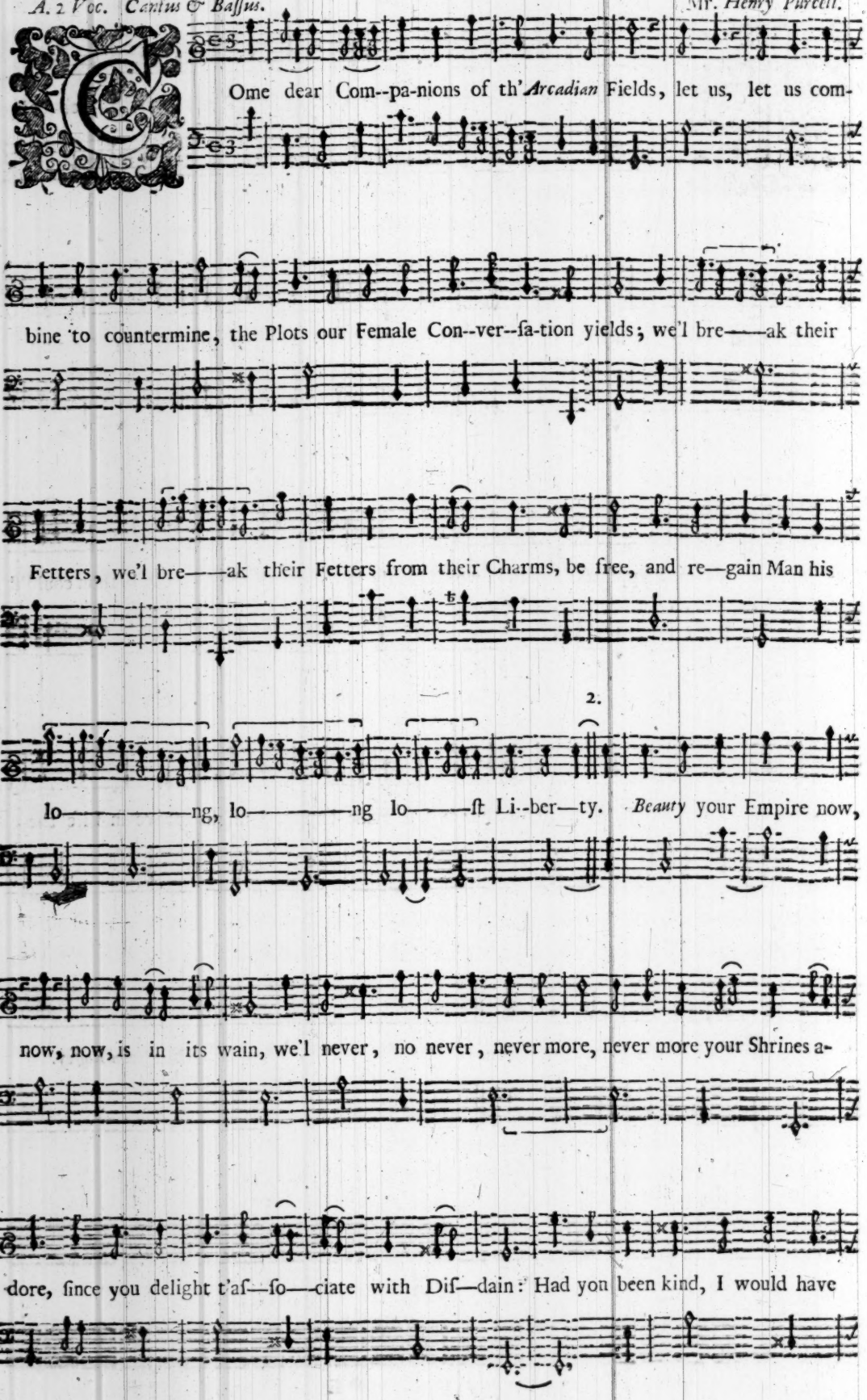
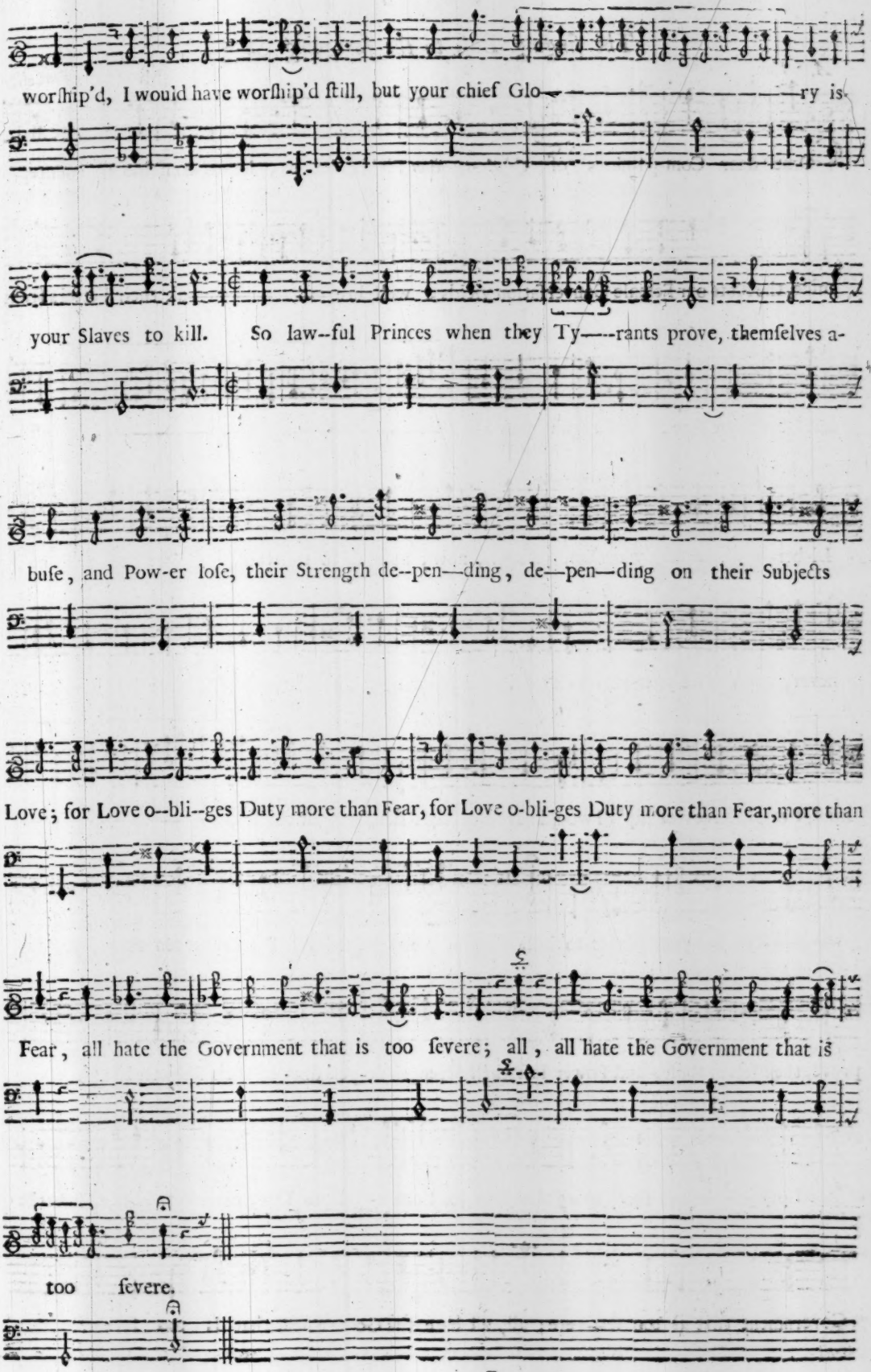
Hell, in Death the Heav'n of Love.
Mr. John Roſſey.

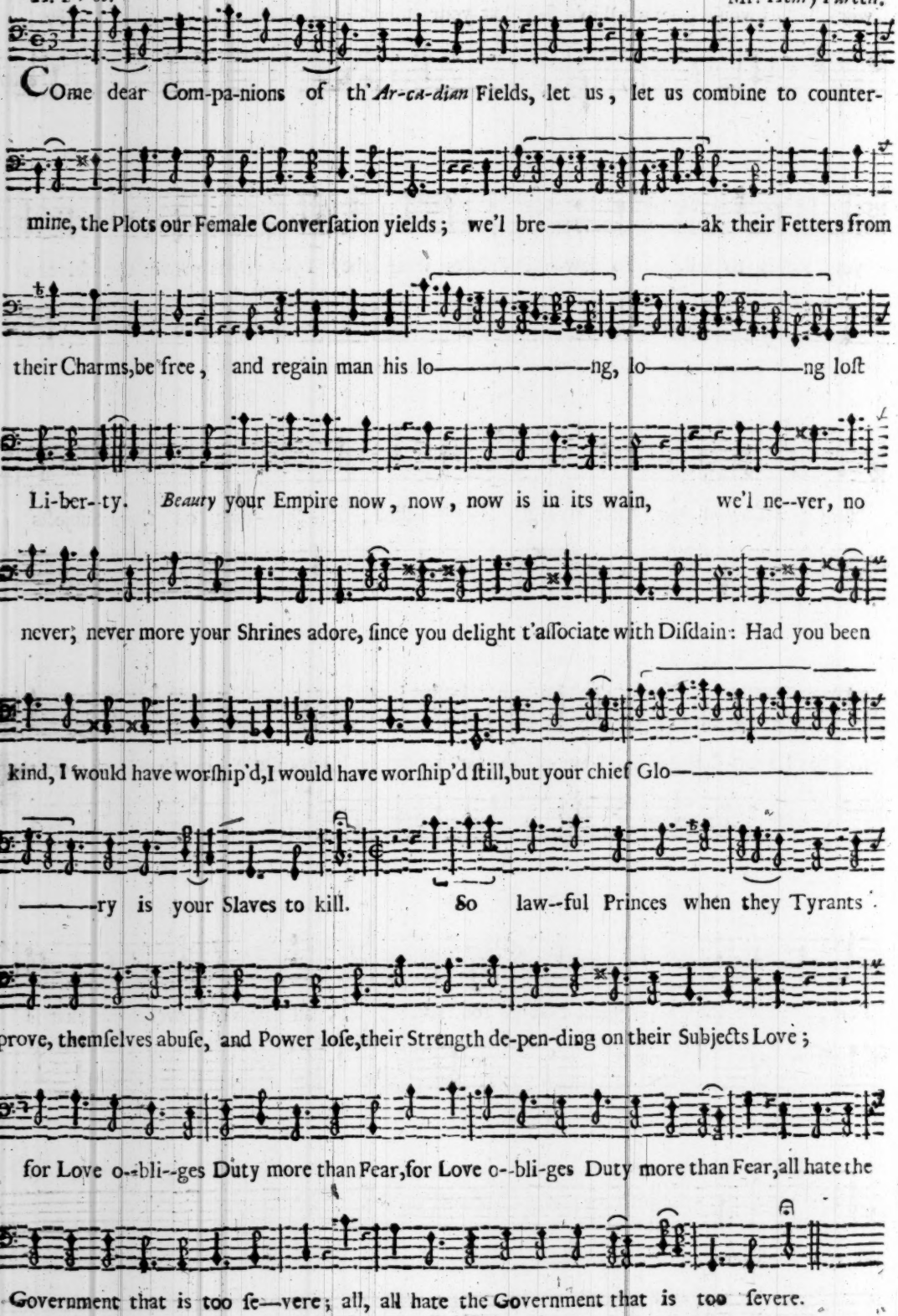
A. 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

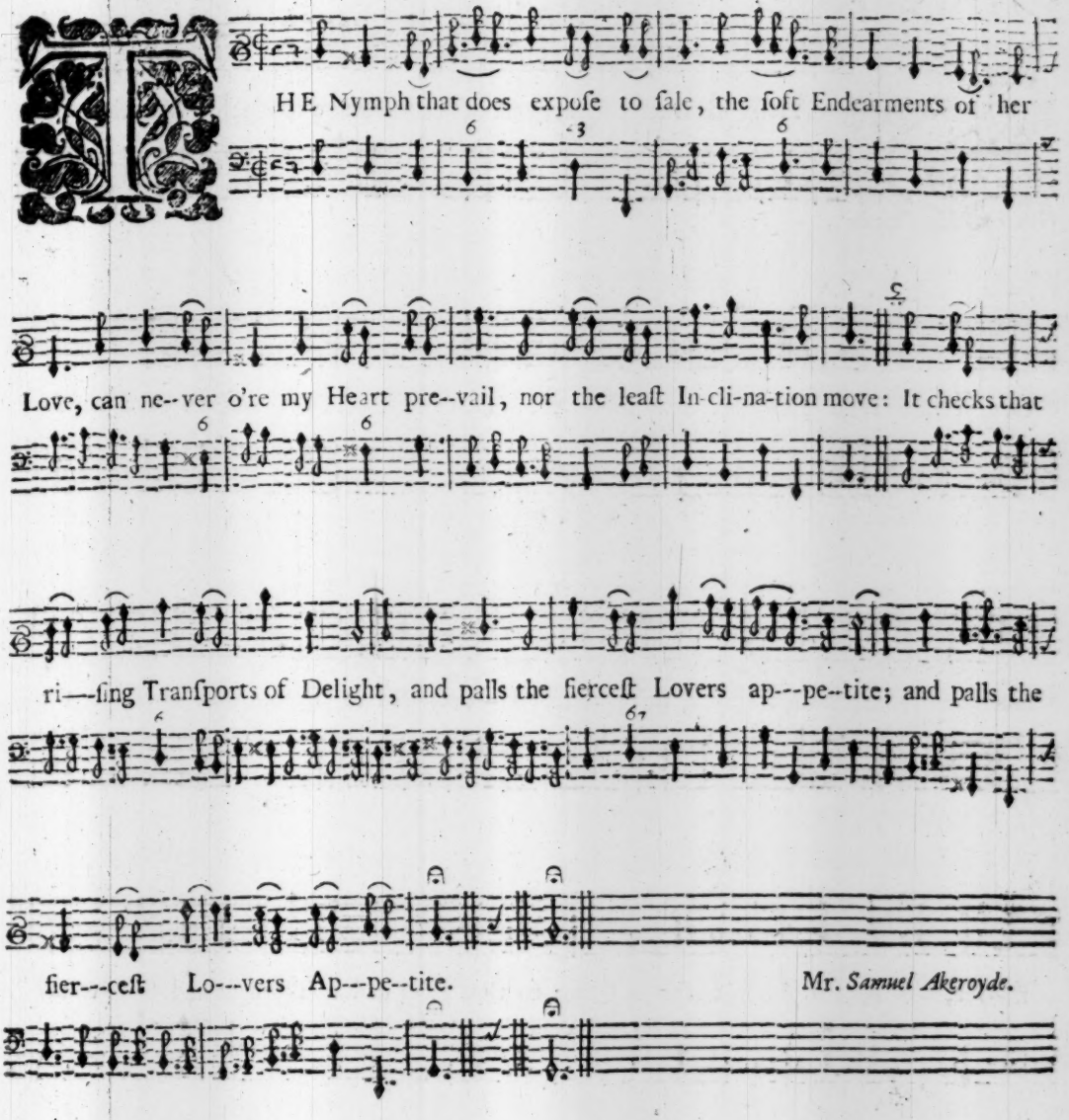



worſhip'd, I would have worſhip'd ſtill, but your chief Glo——————————ry is
your Slaves to kill. So law--ful Princes when they Ty——rants prove, themſelves a-
buſe, and Pow-er loſe, their Strength de--pen—ding, de—pen—ding on their Subjects
Love; for Love o--bli--ges Duty more than Fear, for Love o-bli-ges Duty more than Fear, more than
Fear, all hate the Government that is too ſevere; all, all hate the Government that is
too ſevere.

The ſinging Baſs to the foregoing Song.

A. 2 Voc. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



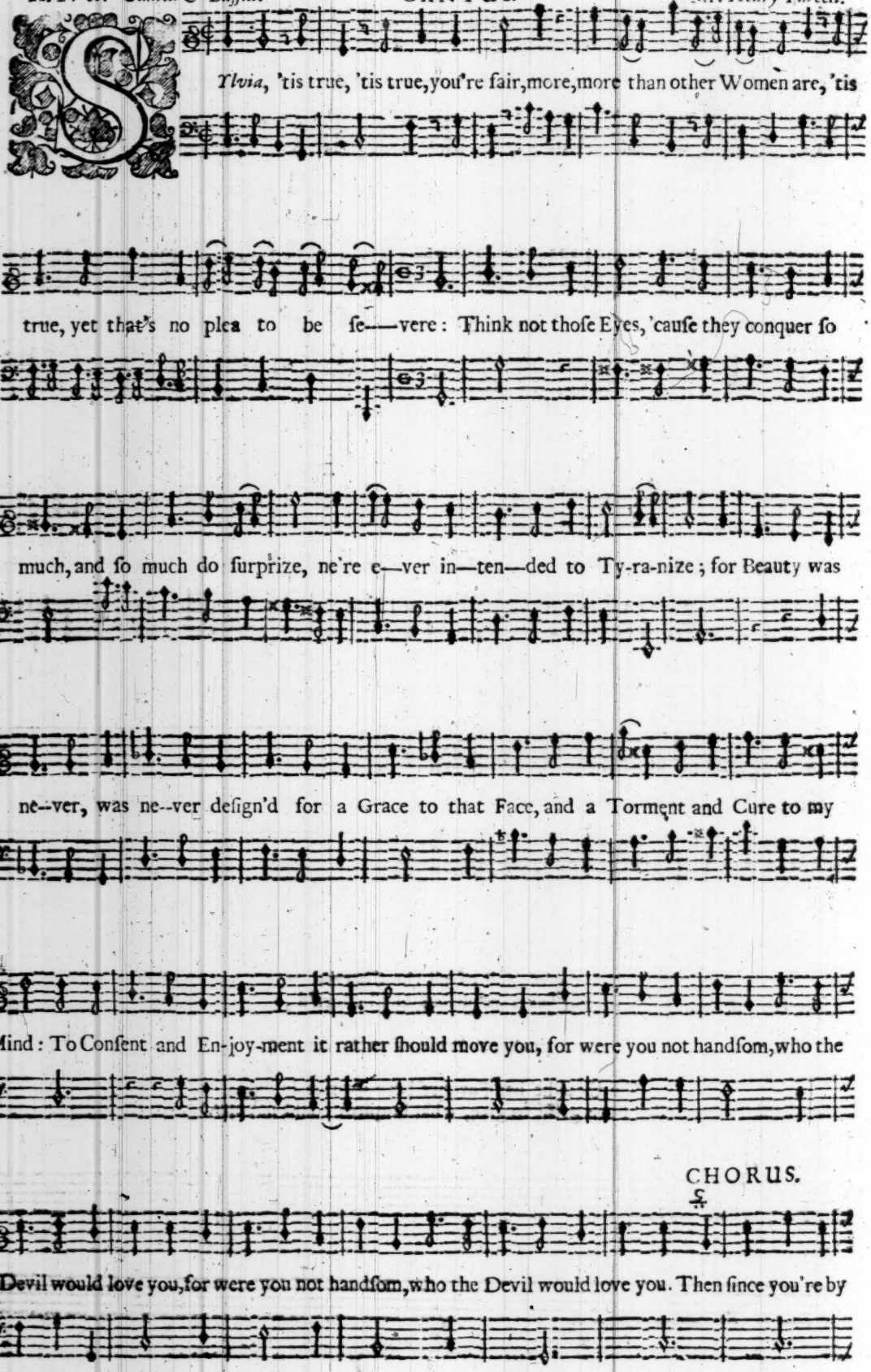


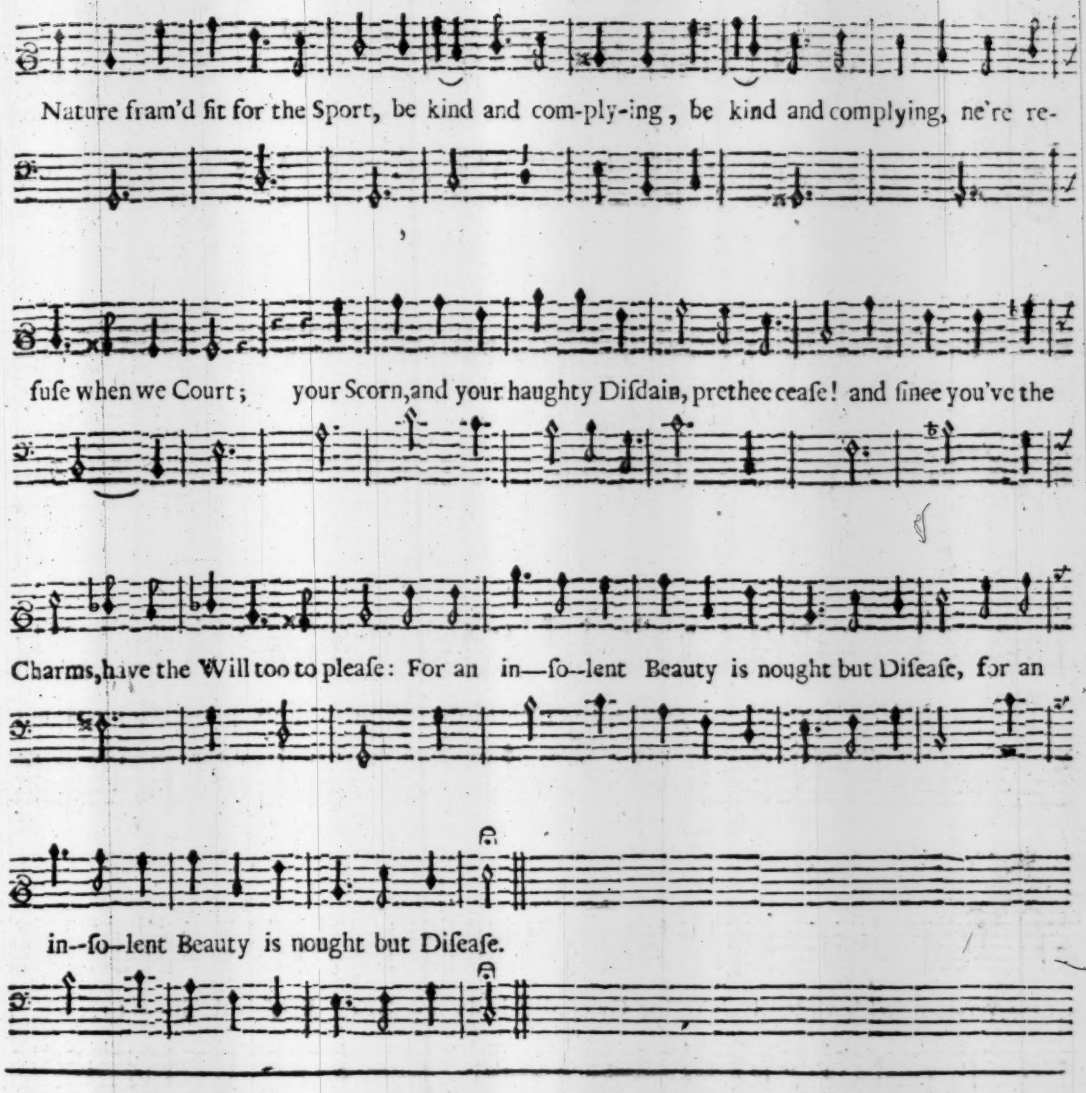
II.

But *Sapho*, full of all the Charms
That ever beautious Maid adorn'd,
Reſign'd her ſelf into my Arms,
And proffer'd Preſents nobly ſcorn'd:

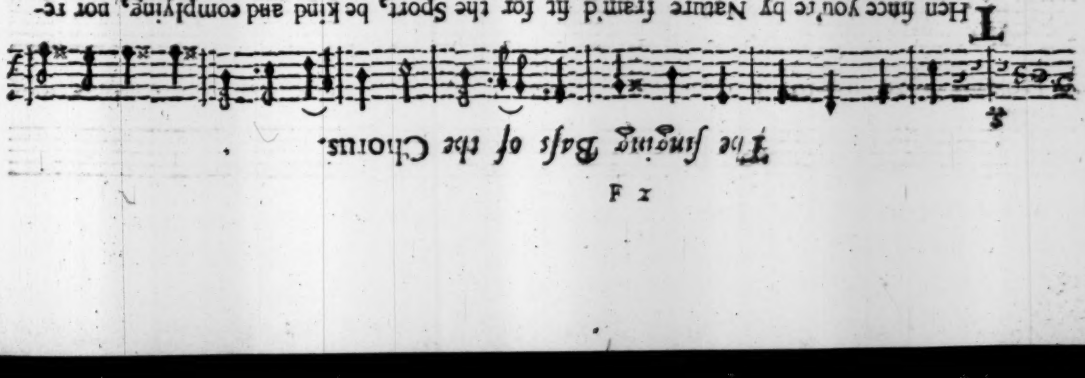
She thought her Favours bore a price ſo high,
'Twas great to give, what Empires could not buy.

A. 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus. CANTUS. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*





The ſinging Bafs of the Chorus.



A. 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus. CANTUS. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

I Saw fair *Cloris* all a---lone, when feather'd Rain came ſoft—ly

down; and *Jove* de-ſcen-ding from his Tow'r, to court her in a ſil--ver Show'r: The

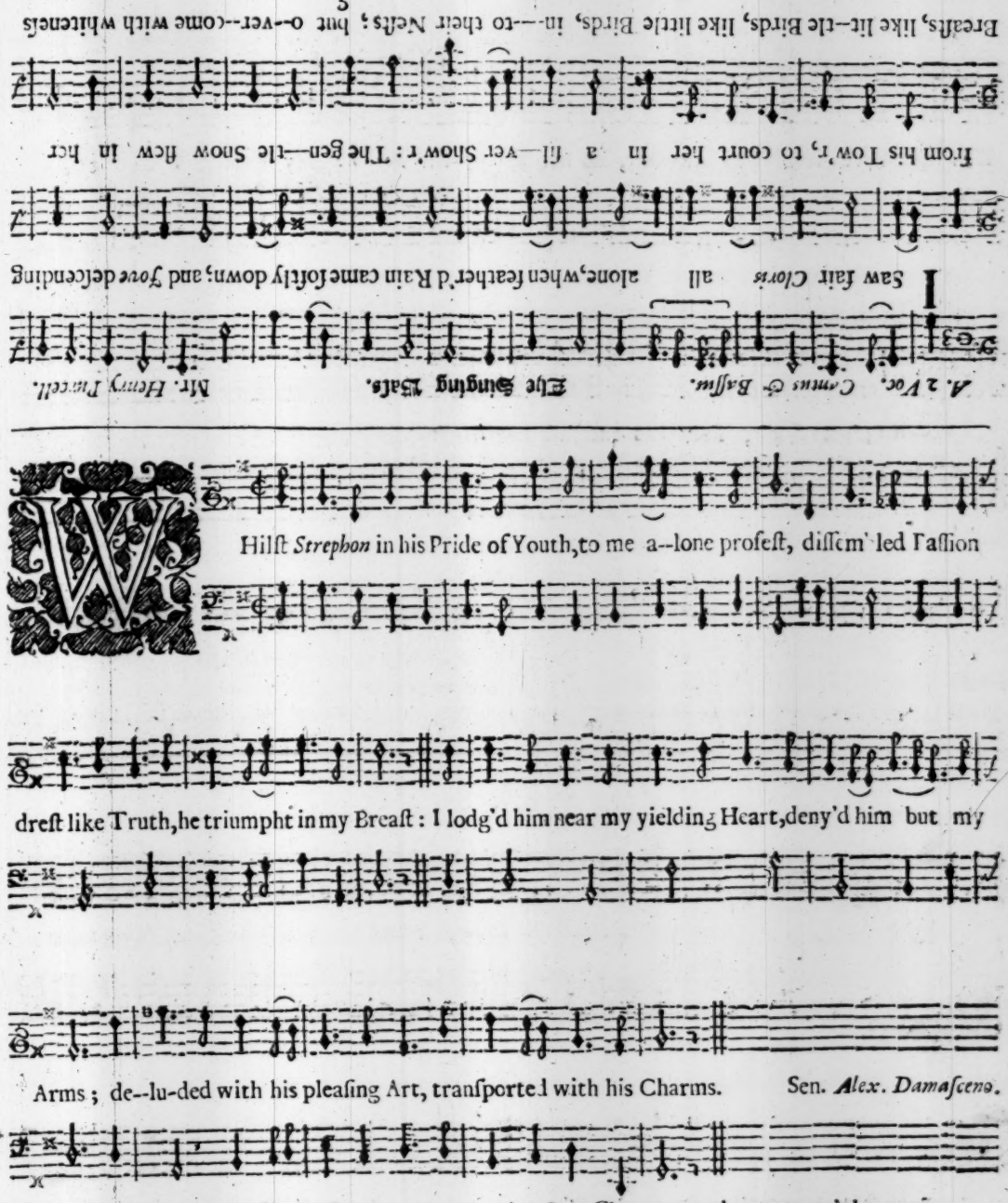
gen---tle Snow flew in her Breaſts, like little Birds, like little Birds in--to their Neſts: But

o—ver-come with whiteneſs there, for Grief diſſolv'd, for Grief diſ--ſolv'd in---to a

Tear; which fal—ling down, which falling down her Garment Hem, to de---------ck her

Fro---ze in--to a Gem.

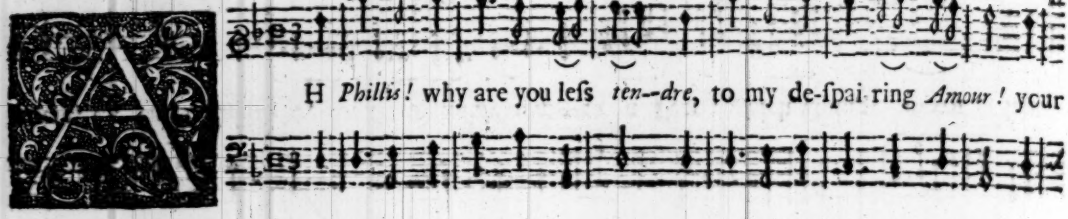
A. 2 Voc. Cantus & Bassus. **The Singing Bass.** *Mr. Henry Purcell.*


I Saw fair *Cloris* all alone, when feather'd Rain came softly down; and *Jove* descending
from his Tow'r, to court her in a sil—ver Show'r: The gen—tle Snow flew in her
Breasts, like lit—tle Birds, like little Birds, in—to their Nests; but o—ver—come with whiteness
there, for Grief dissolv'd, for Grief dissolv'd in—to a Tear; which falling down her
Garment Hem, to de———ck her, to deck her Froze in—to a Gem.
W Hilst *Strephon* in his Pride of Youth, to me a—lone profest, dissem'bled Passion
drest like Truth, he triumpht in my Breast: I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart, deny'd him but my
Arms; de—lu—ded with his pleasing Art, transported with his Charms. Sen. *Alex. Damasceno.*

The Wand'rer now I lose, or share
With ev'ry lovely Maid;
Who makes the Hearts of Men their Care,
Shall have their own betray'd:

Our Charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we Conquest gain;
Where one a Victim falls to love,
A thousand Tyrants reign.

A new SONG ſung by a FOP *newly come from* France.



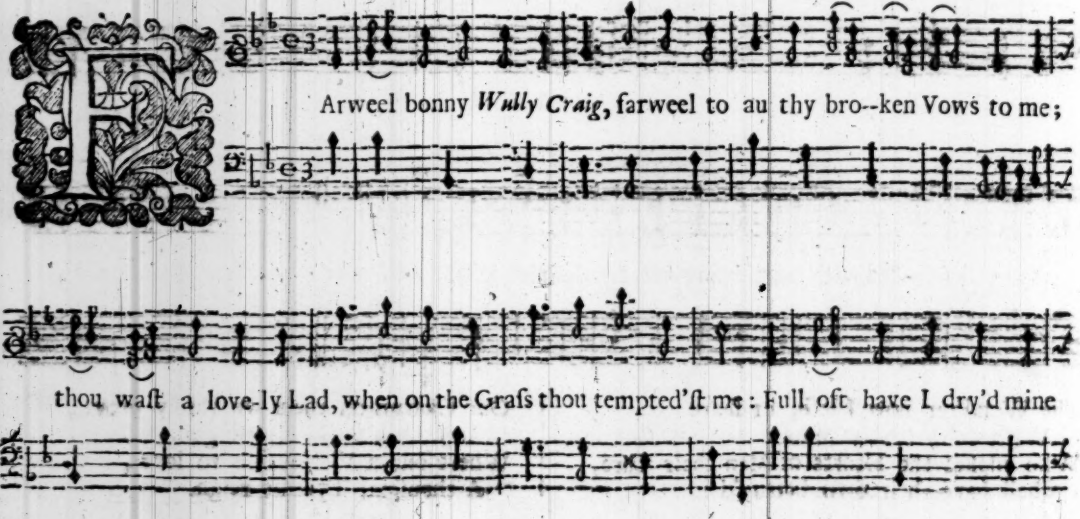
II.

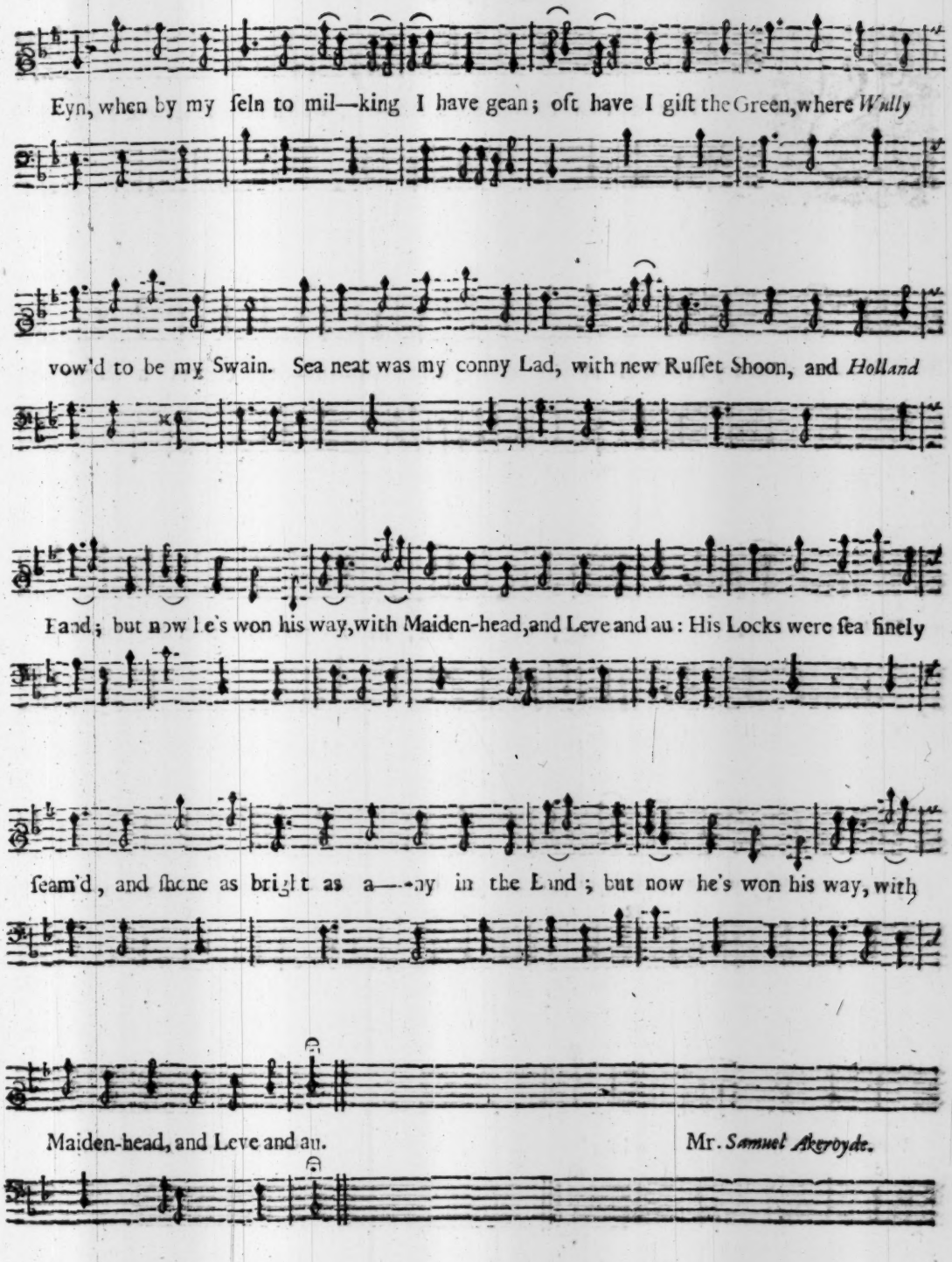
To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,
Can you expect my *Devoir*,
Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,
And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir!*
Thoſe Eyes which were once *agreeable*,
Now, now, are Fountains of black *Des eſpoire.*

III.

Adieu to my falſe *Eſperance*,
Adieu *les Plaiſirs des beaux Jours*;
My *Phillis* appears at *diſtance*,
And ſlights my unfeigned *Efforts:*
To return to her Vows *impoſſible*,
No, no, adieu to the Cheats of *Amour.*

A new Scotch *SONG.*



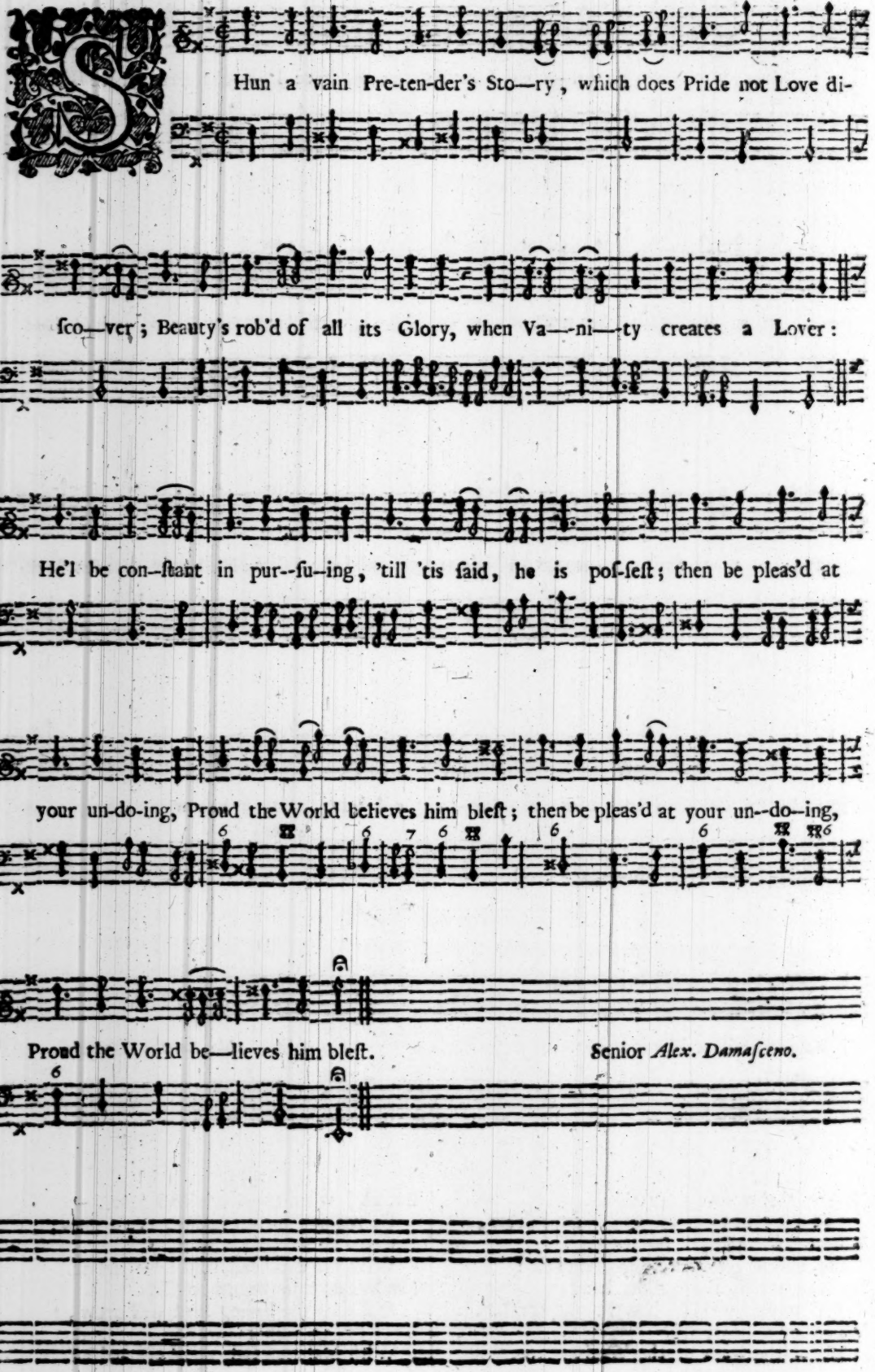


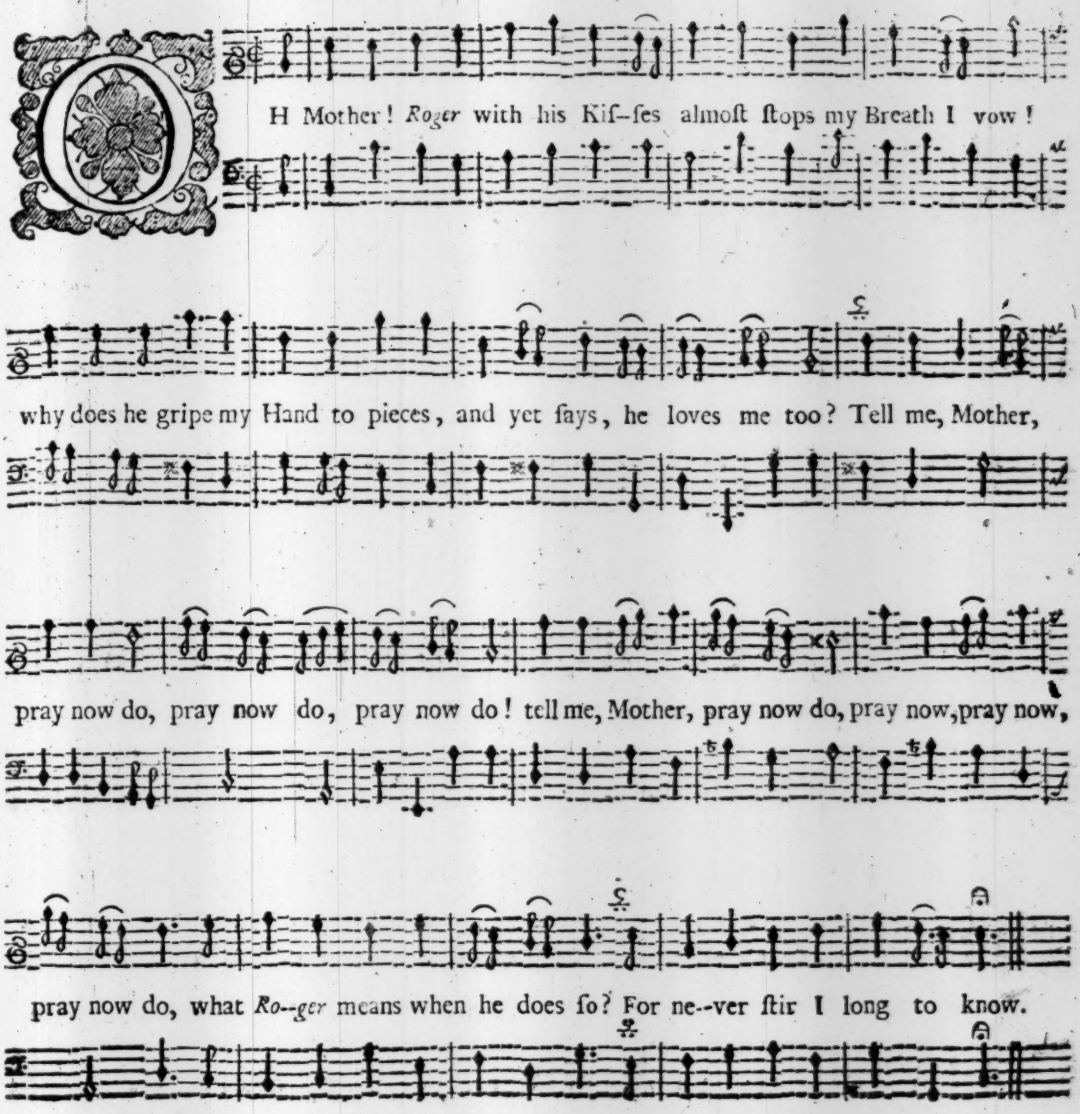
II.

Iſe ene thraw away my skeel,
And gang ne mere to yonder fatal Erow,
Where I was pleas'd ſea weel,
But now I feel mere ner others do:
He took me by the wulling hand,
And vow'd to Hea'n how he wad conſtant be,
When levingly we laid
Under the ſhade of the Wullow-tree.

III.

But ah! when the Loon had deun,
He nothing mere of Love cou'd ſhew;
But now he's won his way,
With Ma'den-head, and Leve and au.
My Weam now begins to fill,
And ſeun the bonny Bird will crow,
Tho' he has won his way
With Maiden-head, and Leve and au.


Hun a vain Pre-ten-der's Sto—ry, which does Pride not Love di-
ſco—ver; Beauty's rob'd of all its Glory, when Va—ni—ty creates a Lover:
He'l be con-ſtant in pur-ſu-ing, 'till 'tis ſaid, he is poſ-ſeſt; then be pleas'd at
your un-do-ing, Proud the World believes him bleſt; then be pleas'd at your un-do-ing,
Proud the World be—lieves him bleſt.
Senior *Alex. Damaſceno.*

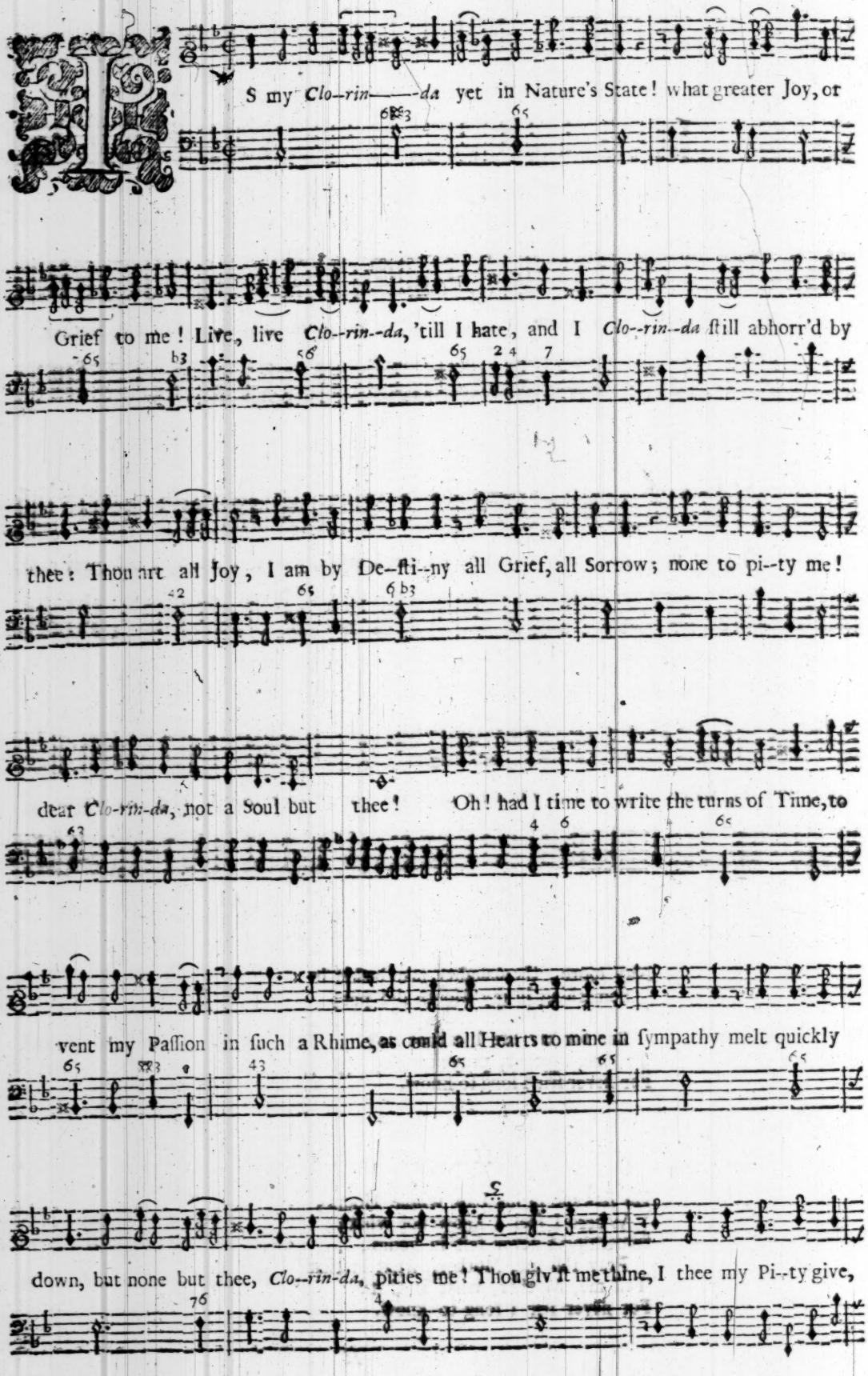


II.

Nay more, the naughty man beſide it
Something in my Mouth did put;
I call'd him Beaſt, and try'd to bite it,
But for my life I cannot do't.
Tell me, Mother, pray now do, :||: :||:
For never ſtir I long to know.

III.

He ſets me in his Lap whole Hours,
Where I feel I know not what;
Something I never felt in yours,
Pray tell me, Mother, what is that?
Tell me, Mother, what is that?
For never ſtir I long to know.


IS my Clo--rin------da yet in Nature's State! what greater Joy, or
Grief to me! Live, live Clo--rin--da, 'till I hate, and I Clo--rin--da ſtill abhorr'd by
thee: Thou art all Joy, I am by De--ſti--ny all Grief, all Sorrow; none to pi--ty me!
dear Clo-rin-da, not a Soul but thee! Oh! had I time to write the turns of Time, to
vent my Paſſion in ſuch a Rhime, as could all Hearts to mine in ſympathy melt quickly
down, but none but thee, Clo--rin-da, pities me! Thou giv'ſt me thine, I thee my Pi--ty give,

let's pi--ty one a--no--ther, whi———lſt we live. Mr. *Sam. Akeroyde.*

H! that I had but a fine Man, a ſweet Man, a dain--ty Man, and a

ſpi—cy one, for now I lye by my ſelf all alone, and the cold Sweat comes me upon, and a-

lack, for my Love I dye! and if I dye, why then I dye. Daughter, why ſhould'ſt thou de-

ſire for to wed, and haſt neither Pot nor Pan? Oh Mother, take you no care for that, ſo I may but

have a Man; a ſweet Man, a fine Man, a dainty Man, a delicate Man, and a ſpi--cy one, *&c.*

Graſs-hopper, and a Fly, in Summer hot and dry, in

ea—ger Ar--gu--ment were met, a—bout, a—-bout Pri--o—ri—ty: Says the Fly to the

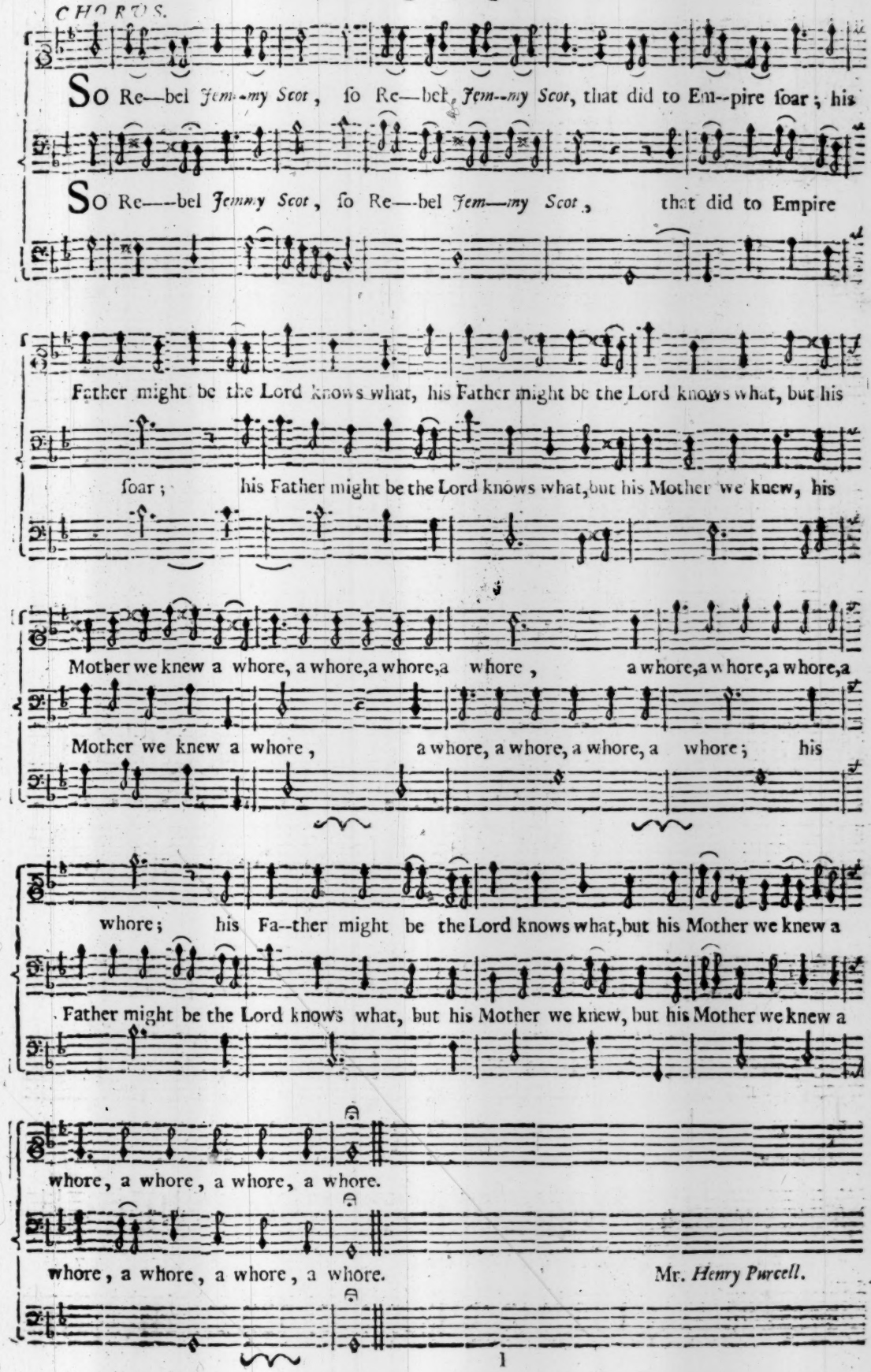
Graſs-hopper, From mighty Race I ſpring, bright *Phœbus* was my Dad 'tis known, and I

eat and drink with a King. Says the Graſs-hopper to the Fly, Such Rogues are

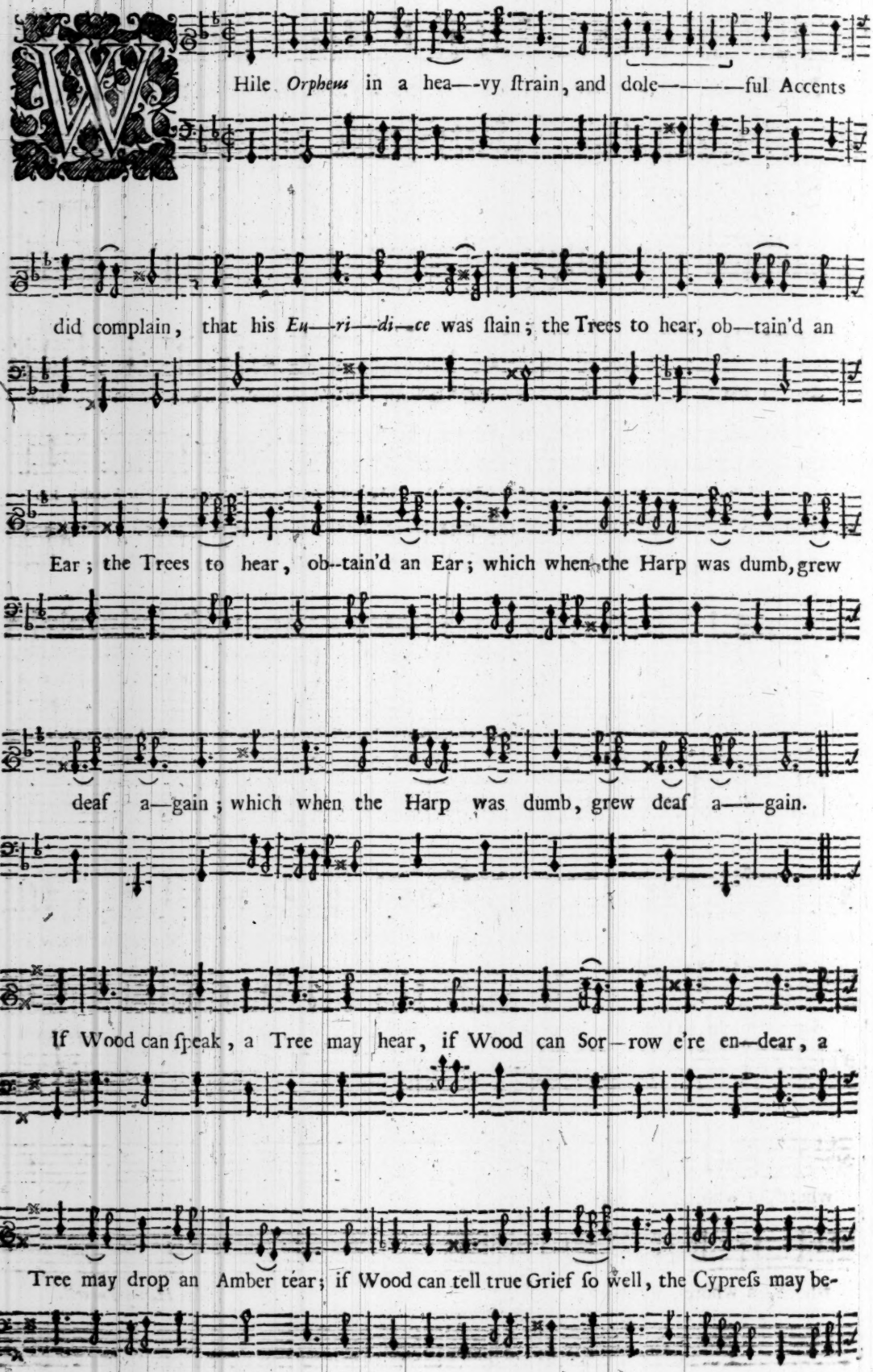
ſtill, are ſtill preferr'd; your Fa—ther might be of high Degree, but your

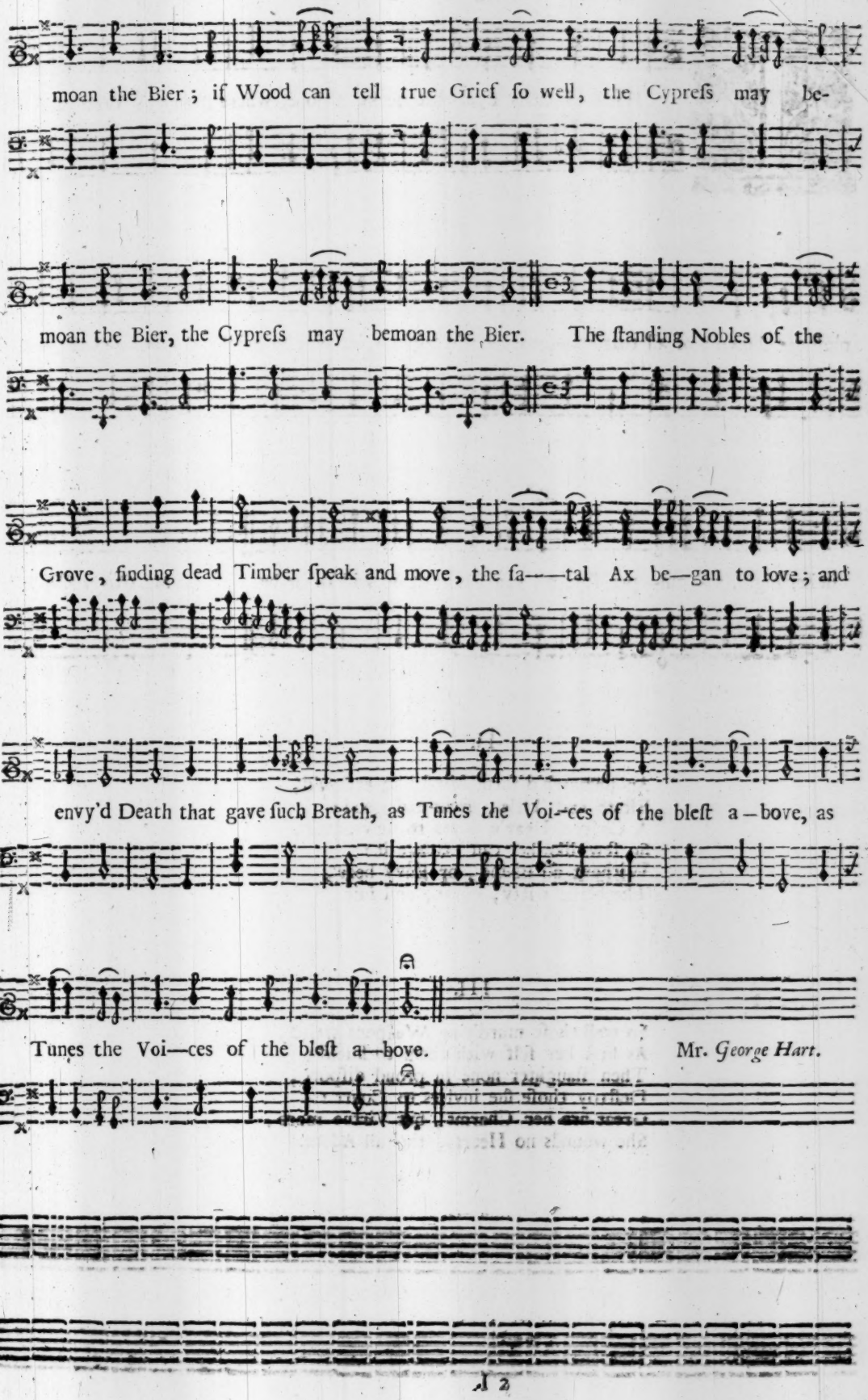
Mother was but a Turd, a Turd, a Turd.

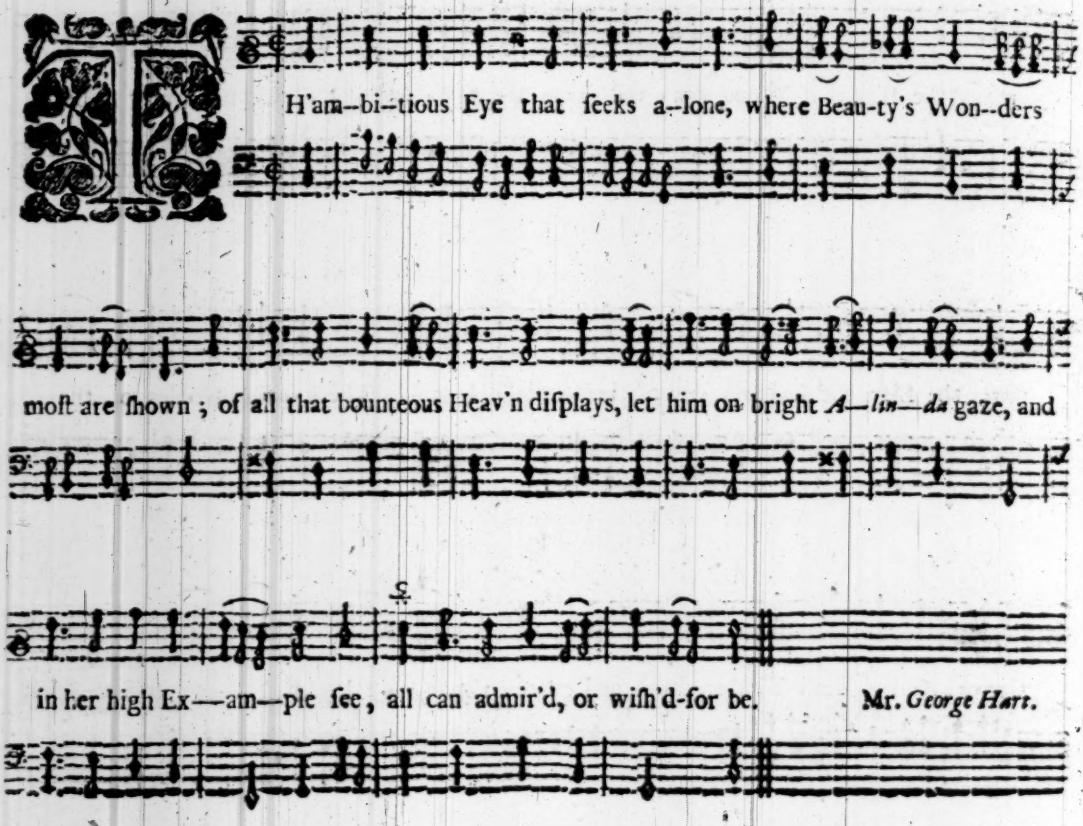
CHORUS.



Mr. *Henry Purcell.*


While Orpheus in a hea--vy ſtrain, and dole-------ful Accents
did complain, that his Eu--ri--di--ce was ſlain; the Trees to hear, ob--tain'd an
Ear; the Trees to hear, ob--tain'd an Ear; which when the Harp was dumb, grew
deaf a--gain; which when the Harp was dumb, grew deaf a---gain.
If Wood can ſpeak, a Tree may hear, if Wood can Sor--row e're en--dear, a
Tree may drop an Amber tear; if Wood can tell true Grief ſo well, the Cypreſs may be-


moan the Bier; if Wood can tell true Grief ſo well, the Cypreſs may be-
moan the Bier, the Cypreſs may bemoan the Bier. The ſtanding Nobles of the
Grove, finding dead Timber ſpeak and move, the fa——tal Ax be—gan to love; and
envy'd Death that gave ſuch Breath, as Tunes the Voi-ces of the bleſt a-bove, as
Tunes the Voi—ces of the bleſt a—bove.
Mr. George Hart.

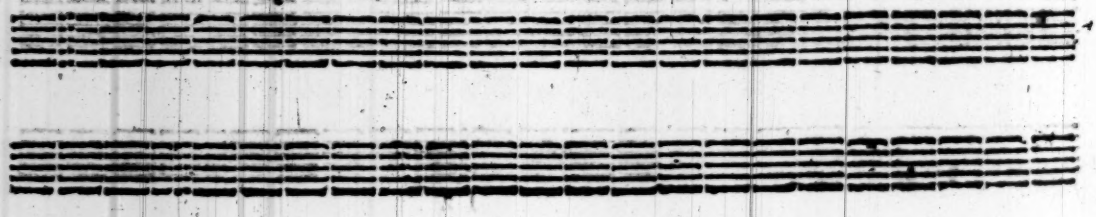


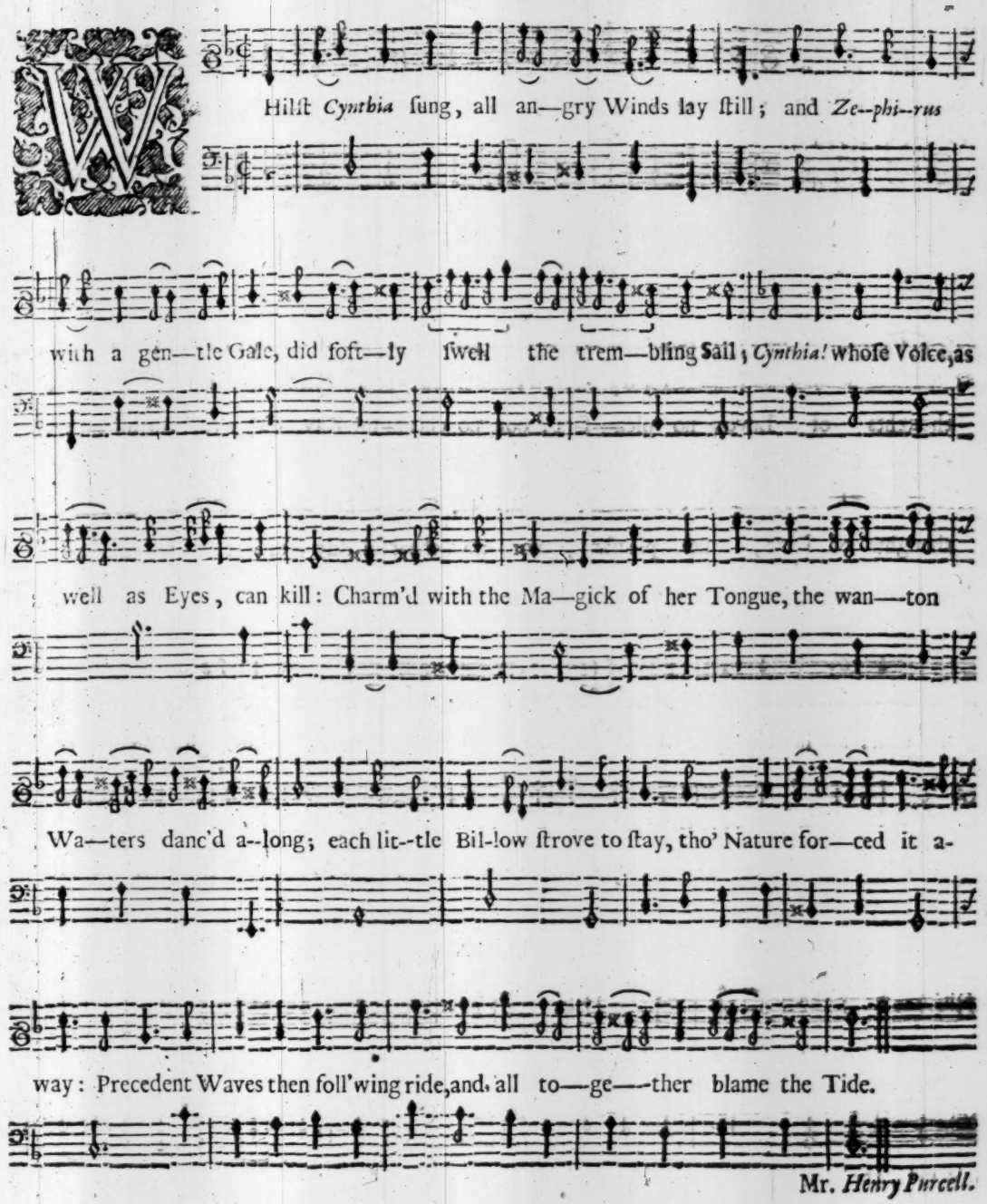
II.

An unmatch'd form Mind-like endow'd,
Eſtate and Title, great and good;
A Charge Heav'n dares to few admit,
So few like her can manage it:
Without all Blame, or Envy bear,
The being witty, great, and fair.

III.

So well thoſe murd'ring Weapons weild,
As firſt her ſelf with them to ſhield;
Then ſlaughter none in proud diſport,
Deſtroy thoſe ſhe invites to Court:
Great are her Charms, but Virtue more,
She wounds no Hearts, tho' all Adore.





Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

From Roſie Mouth ſhe breath'd the perfum'd Sound;
The mournful Attick *Philomel*,
Ne're did warble half ſo well;
Whilſt mocking Eccho's babble it around.
Ne're in ſo ſweet a Tune as this,
Upon the Banks of *Thameſis*,
Did ſilver Swans, about to dye,
Grace their mournful Elegy:
Dear *Cynthia!* they're excell'd by you,
In Sweetneſs, and in Fairneſs too.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Baſſus. [*Words by Mr.* Abraham Cowley.]

N a dark ſha—dy Cy-preſs Grove, where nought but diſ--mal

In a dark ſha---dy Cy—preſs Grove, where nought but diſ--mal

thoughts of Love, no plea—ſant, nor no chear--ful Ray, did e're ad--mit—tance

thoughts of Love, no pleaſant, nor no chearful Ray, did e're ad--mit--tance

find; the me-lan-cho-ly *Stre——phon* lay, thus, thus, thus ſigh—ing to the

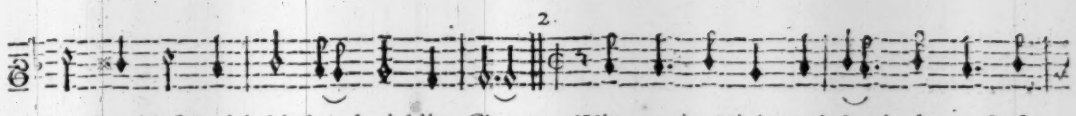
find, did e're admittance find; the me-lan-cho-ly *Strephon* lay, thus ſigh—ing to the

Wind; the me-lan-cho-ly *Stre——phon* lay, thus, thus, thus ſigh--ing to the Wind:

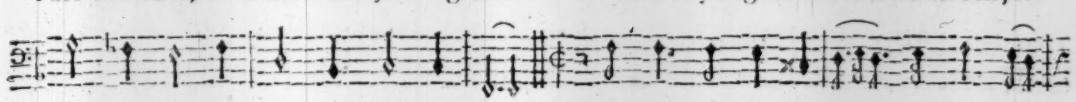
Wind, the Wind; the me--lan—cho--ly *Strephon* lay, thus, thus ſigh-ing to the Wind:

Ah! do not, *Strephon*, think to find, a Cure for thy tortur'd Mind, there amongſt thoſe whom

Ah! do not, *Strephon*, think to find, a Cure for thy tortur'd Mind, there amongſt thoſe whom

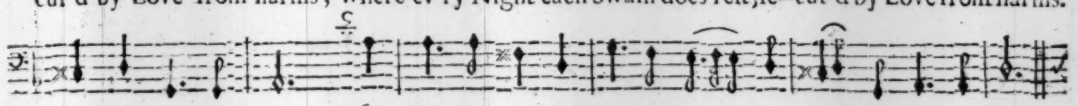


Fate has bleſt, with kind and yielding Charms: Where ev'ry Night each Swain does reſt, ſe-



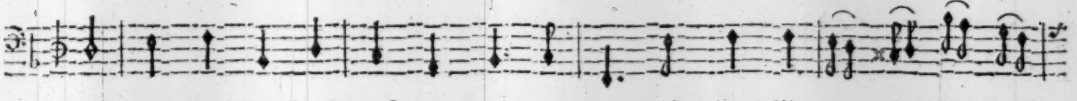
Fate has bleſt, with kind and yielding Charms: Where ev'ry Night each Swain does reſt, ſe-

cur'd by Love from harms; where ev'ry Night each Swain does reſt, ſe--cur'd by Love from harms.

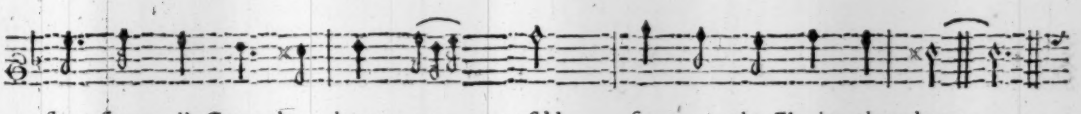


cur'd by Love from harms; where ev'ry Night each Swain does reſt, ſecur'd by Love from harms.

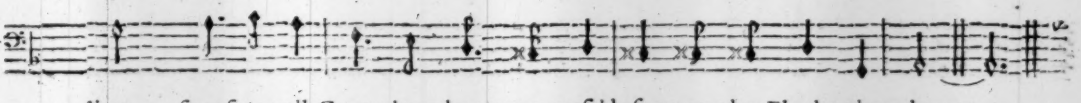
Ceaſe, wretched *Strephon!* ceaſe to grieve, do thou like o——ther Shepherds live;



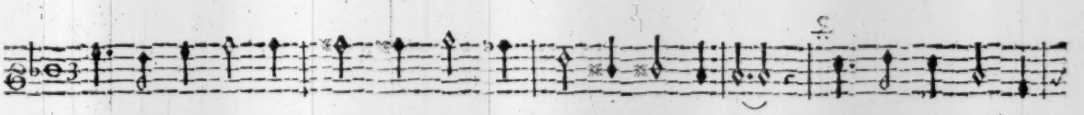
Ceaſe, wretched *Strephon!* ceaſe to mourn, to mourn, do thou like o——ther Shepherds



free from all Care there hours are paſs'd, free as the Flocks they keep;

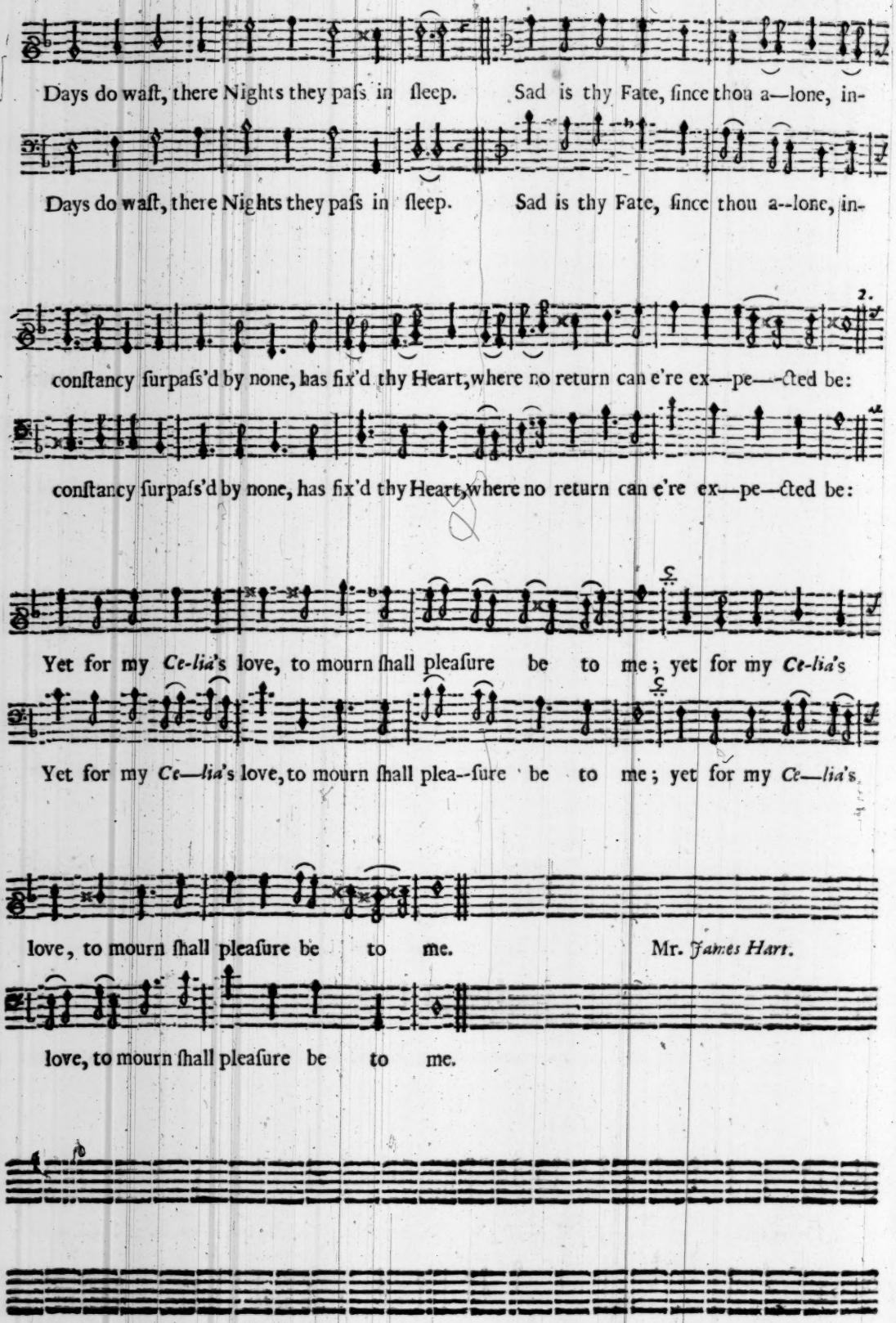


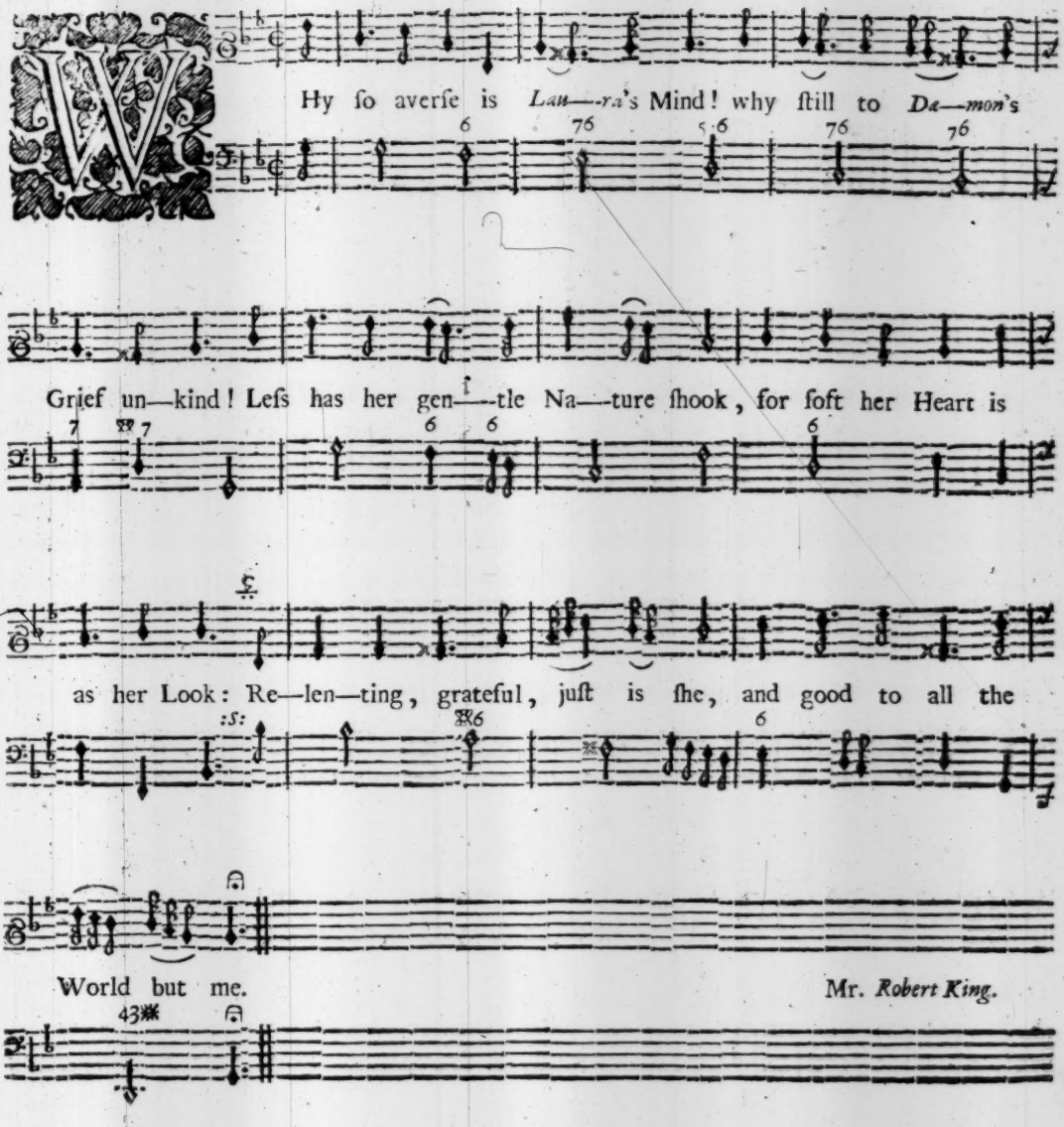
live; free from all Cares there hours are paſs'd, free as the Flocks they keep;



Dances and Songs there Days do waſt, there Nights they paſs in ſleep; Dances and Songs there

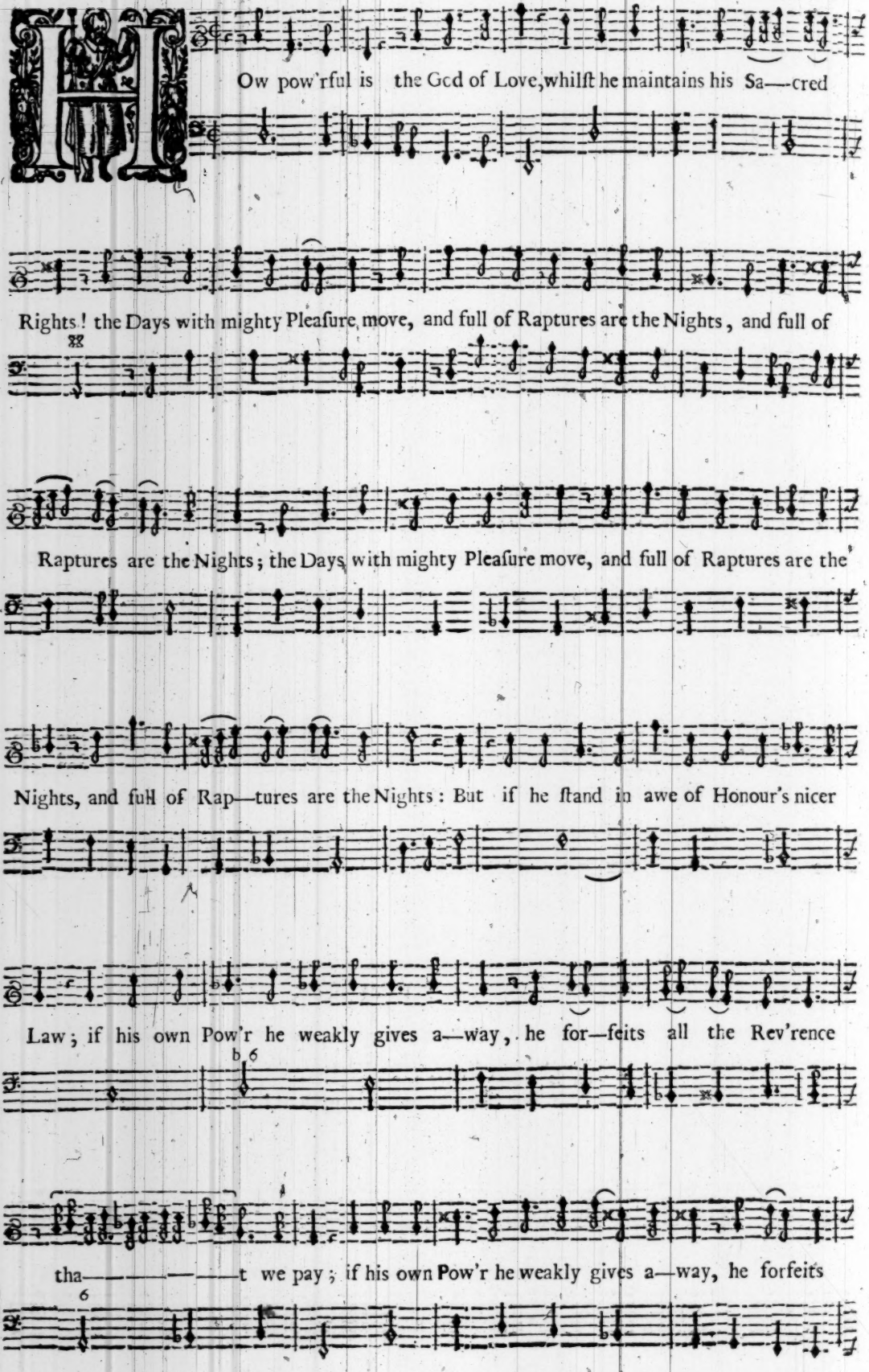
Dances and Songs there Days do waſt, there Nights they paſs in ſleep; Dances and Songs there

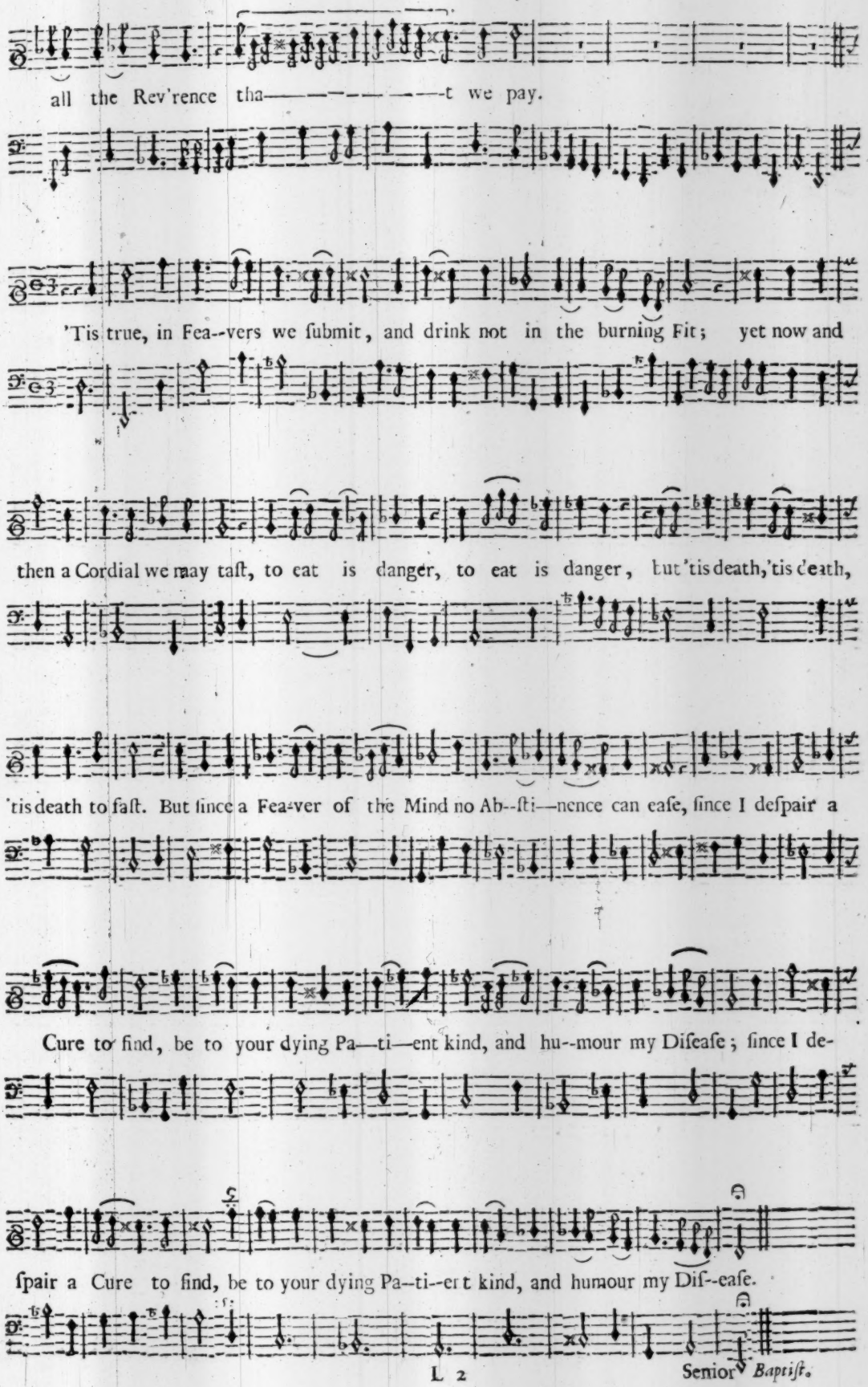

Days do waſt, there Nights they paſs in ſleep. Sad is thy Fate, ſince thou a—lone, in-
Days do waſt, there Nights they paſs in ſleep. Sad is thy Fate, ſince thou a--lone, in-
2.
conſtancy ſurpaſs'd by none, has fix'd thy Heart, where no return can e're ex—pe—cted be:
conſtancy ſurpaſs'd by none, has fix'd thy Heart, where no return can e're ex—pe—cted be:
Yet for my Ce-lia's love, to mourn ſhall pleaſure be to me; yet for my Ce-lia's
Yet for my Ce—lia's love, to mourn ſhall plea--ſure be to me; yet for my Ce—lia's
love, to mourn ſhall pleaſure be to me.
Mr. James Hart.
love, to mourn ſhall pleaſure be to me.

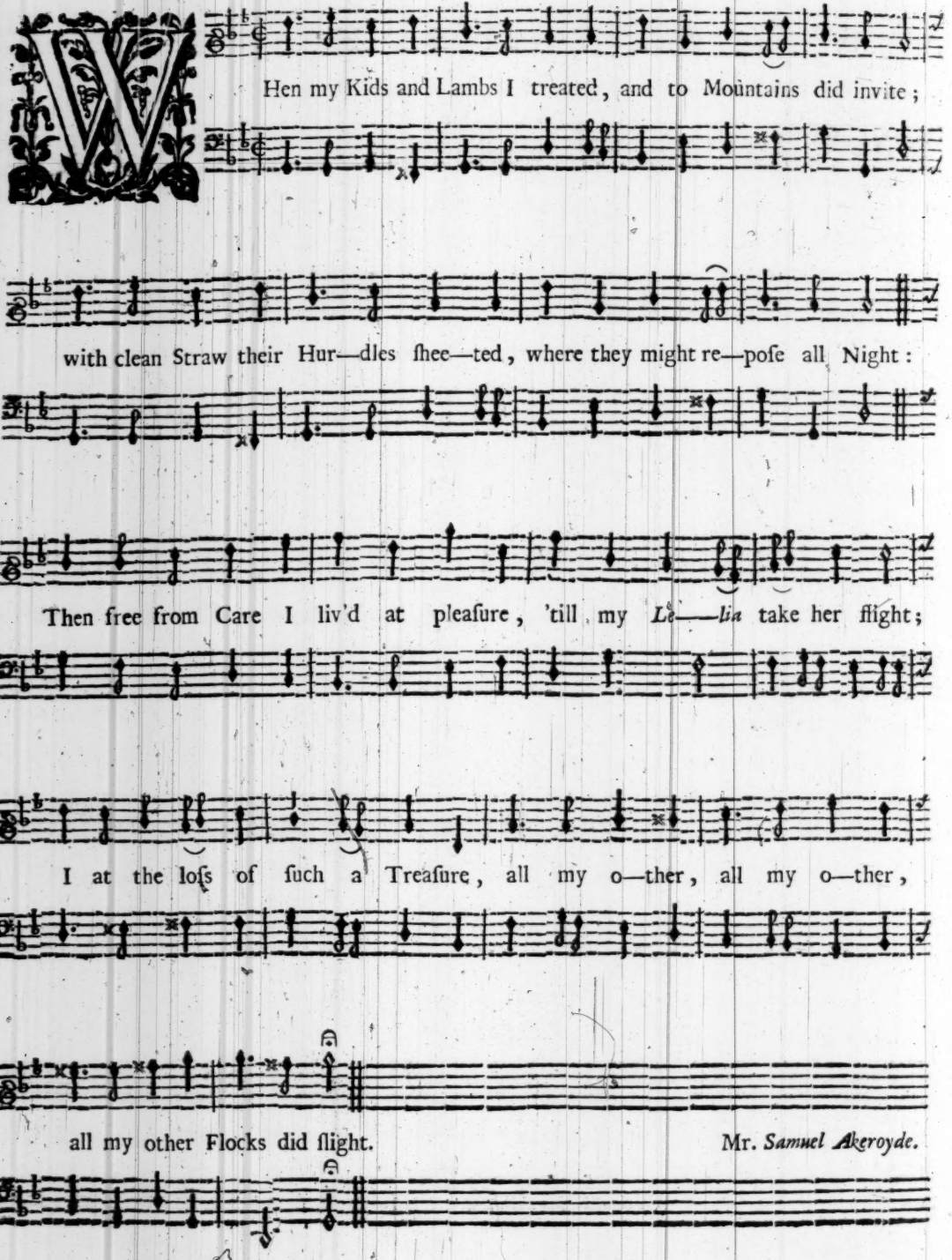


II.

Could ſerving long, or ſuff'ring much,
This ever-ſcornful Beauty touch;
Could faithful Love her favour win,
I bleſs'd above all hopes had been,
But vain is worth, I ſee too late,
Hearts are like Crowns, beſtow'd by Fate!


How pow'rful is the God of Love, whilſt he maintains his Sa—cred
Rights! the Days with mighty Pleaſure move, and full of Raptures are the Nights, and full of
Raptures are the Nights; the Days with mighty Pleaſure move, and full of Raptures are the
Nights, and full of Rap—tures are the Nights: But if he ſtand in awe of Honour's nicer
Law; if his own Pow'r he weakly gives a—way, he for—feits all the Rev'rence
tha————t we pay; if his own Pow'r he weakly gives a—way, he forfeits


all the Rev'rence tha——————t we pay.
'Tis true, in Fea--vers we ſubmit, and drink not in the burning Fit; yet now and
then a Cordial we may taſt, to eat is danger, to eat is danger, but 'tis death, 'tis death,
'tis death to faſt. But ſince a Fea-ver of the Mind no Ab--ſti—nence can eaſe, ſince I deſpair a
Cure to find, be to your dying Pa—ti—ent kind, and hu--mour my Diſeaſe; ſince I de-
ſpair a Cure to find, be to your dying Pa--ti--ent kind, and humour my Diſ--eaſe.

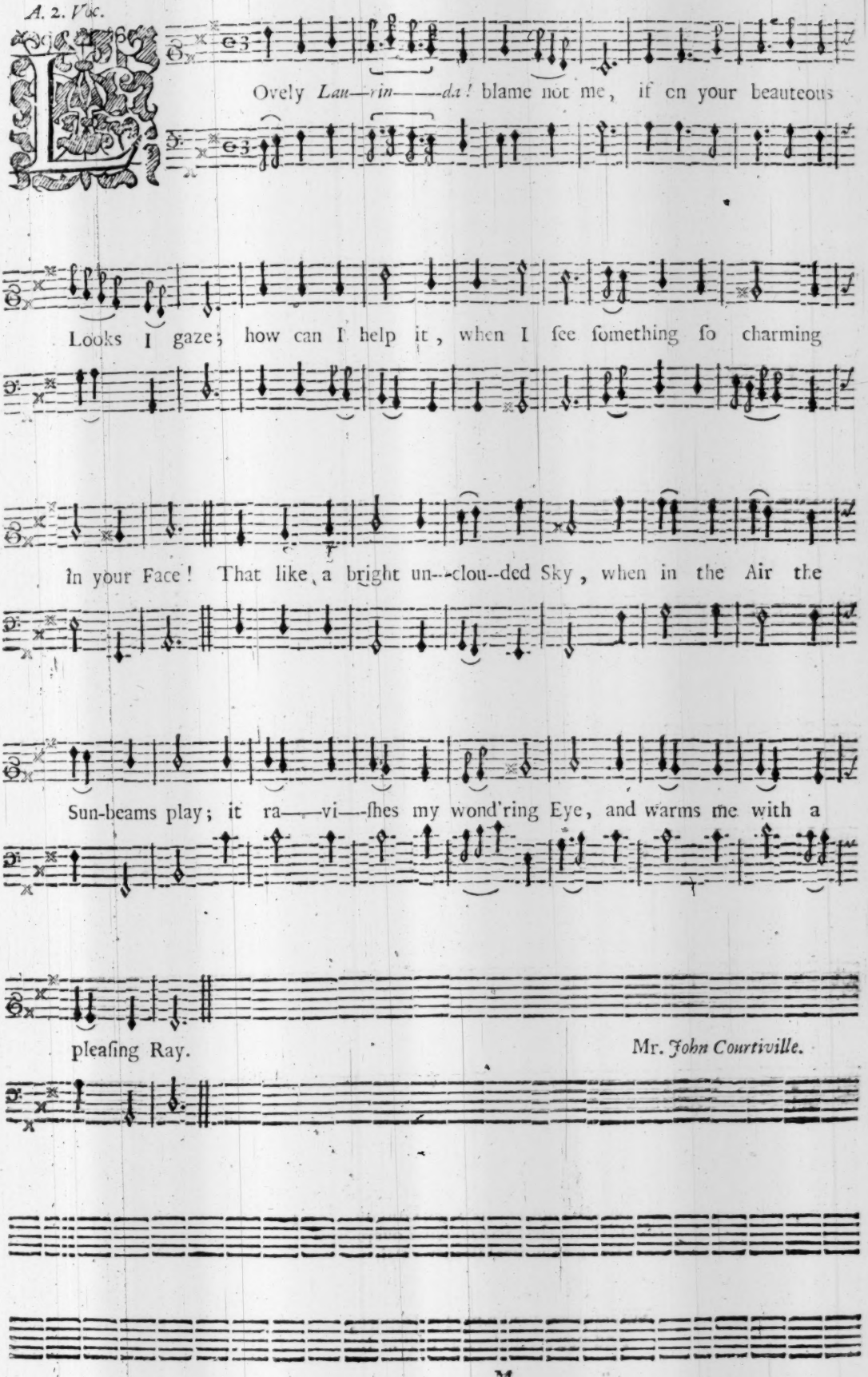


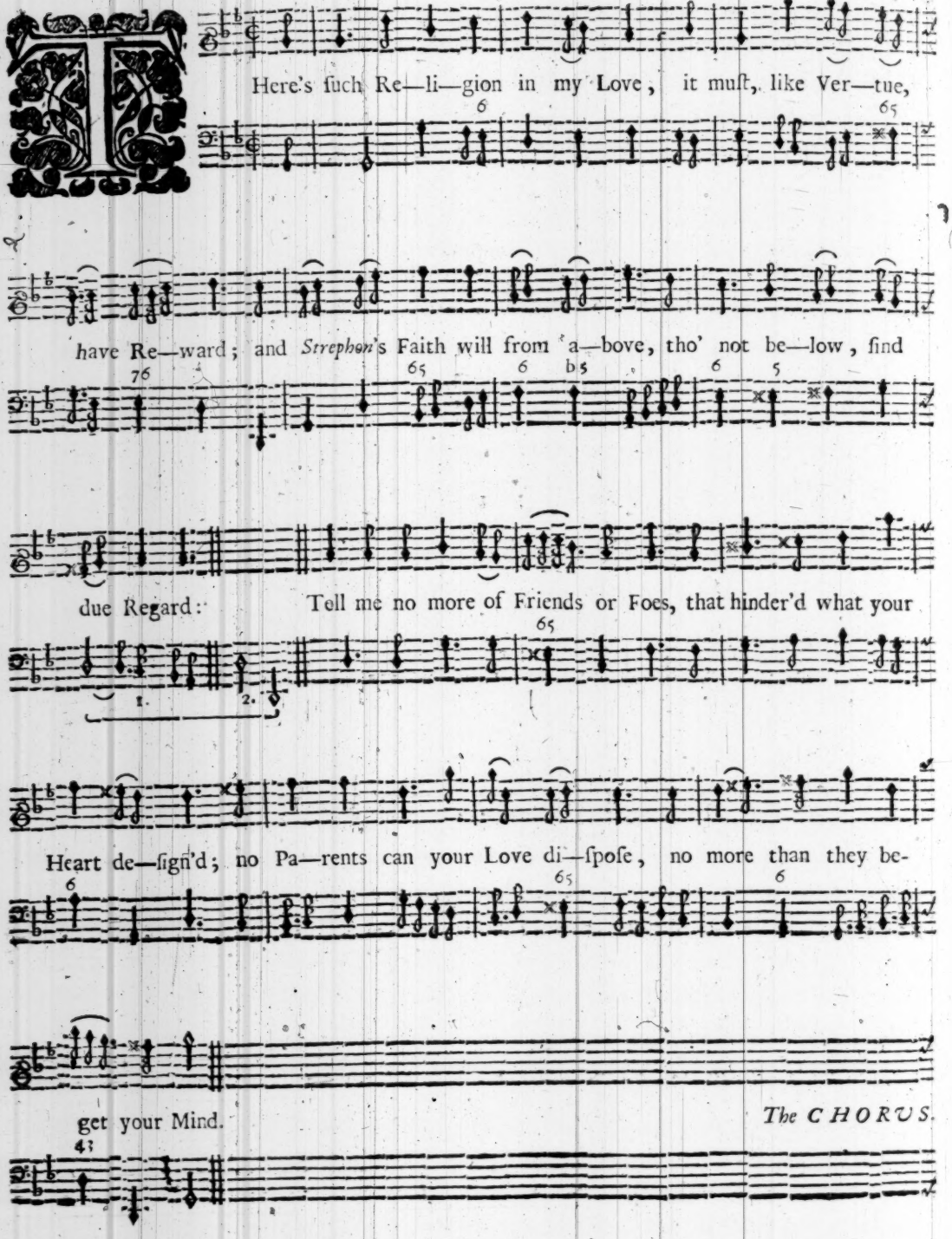
Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde.*

II.

Through each Grove and Wood I ramble,
Yet can never quit my fear,
Birds, methinks, in ev'ry Bramble,
Whiſtles *Lelia* in my Ear:
But I upon my headleſs Rover,
Never once can fix my Eye;
Which makes me now thus often over,
Lelia, *Lelia*, *Lelia*, cry.

A. 2. Voc.

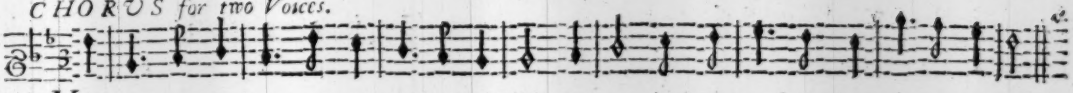

Ovely *Lau—rin———da!* blame not me, if on your beauteous
Looks I gaze; how can I help it, when I ſee ſomething ſo charming
In your Face! That like a bright un—clou—ded Sky, when in the Air the
Sun-beams play; it ra——vi—ſhes my wond'ring Eye, and warms me with a
pleaſing Ray.
Mr. *John Courtiville.*



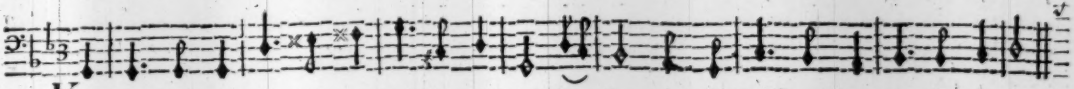
II.

Great *Love!* the Monarch of our Wills,
When I am loſt by your Diſdain,
Will damn that Scorn your Lovers kills,
To be your fatal Beauty's Bain:
You, like a Bee, has ſtung my Heart,
Yet there the Avenging Dart does lye;
Which gives you in my Fate a part;
And you are undone as well as I.

CHORUS for two Voices.



KInd Heaven no Peace to the Perjur'd allows, in Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all Vows:



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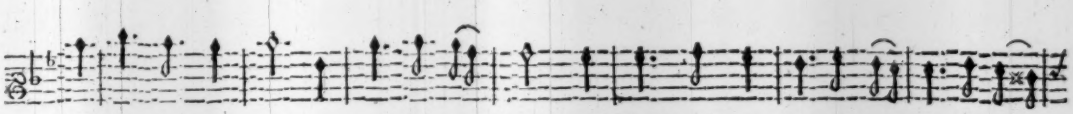
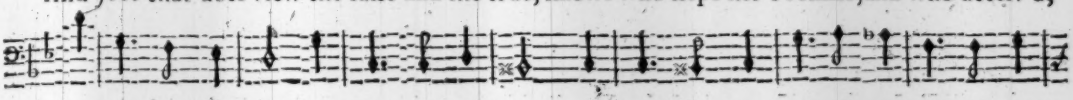


And *Jove* that does view the falſe and the true, knows who kept her Promiſe, and who deceiv'd,



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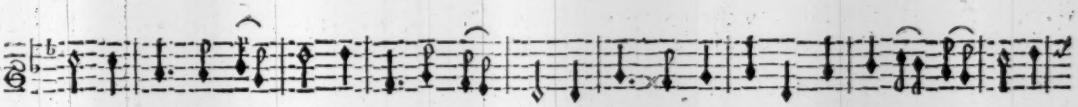
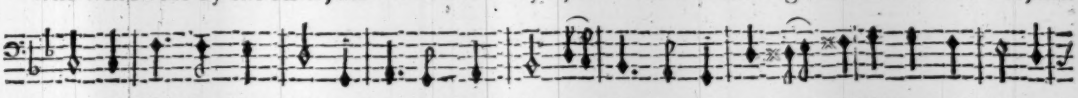


who will ſwear by the Skies, and *Ga-ni-mede*'s Eyes, no Woman that mingles Affection with Art, and



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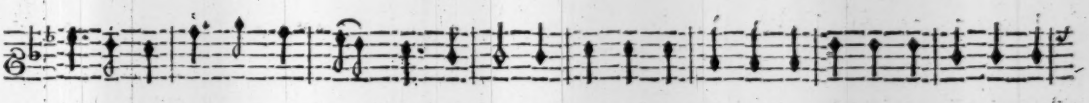
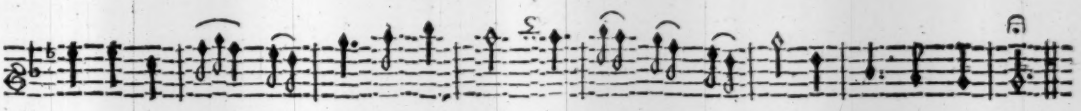
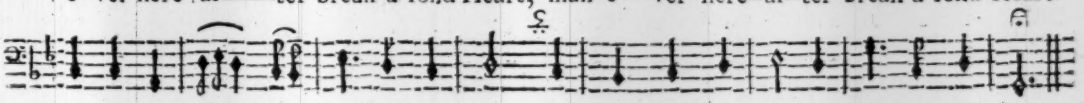


here in the fares of the World plays a part; ſhall e--ver hereafter, ſhall e--ver hereafter, ſhall

here in the fares of the World plays a part, ſhall e--ver hereafter, ſhall e-ver, ſhall



e--ver here--af——ter break a fond Heart, ſhall e—-ver here--af--ter break a fond Heart.



e--ver here--af——ter break a fond Heart, ſhall e—-ver here--af--ter break a fond Heart.

The two following Songs in The Devil of a Wife.

For a BASS alone.

Hilſt you court a damn'd Vintner for ſuch na—ſty Liquor, as

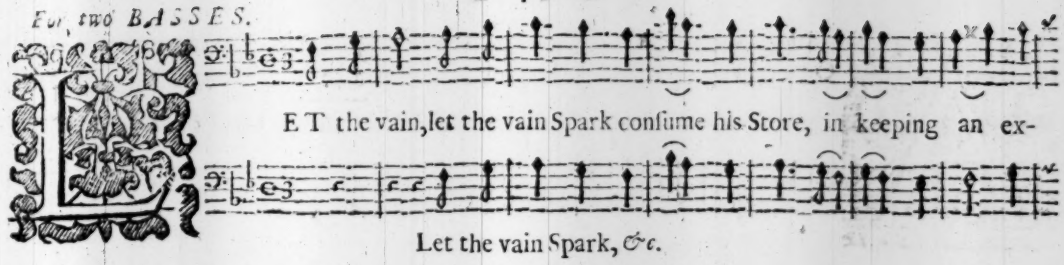
worſe was ne're ſwallow'd by dull Country Vi—car, and the in—ſo—lent Raſ—cal ſtill

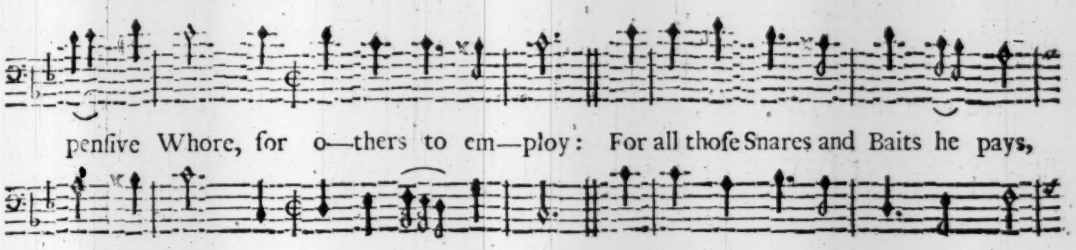
draws what he pleaſes; while, Boys, you may kick 'em, when Maſters entreat 'em, from

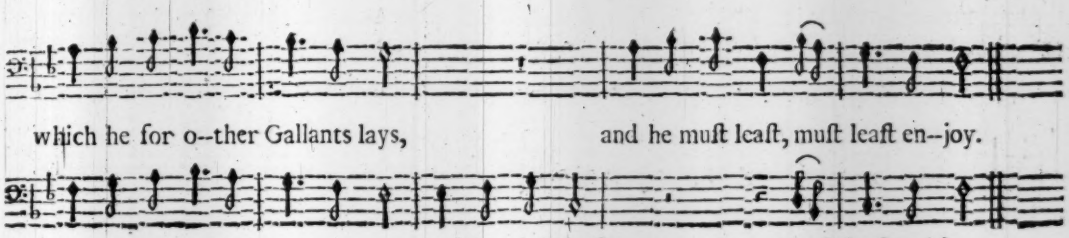
Draw'rs you up in—to Al—der—men beat 'em; but they get your Money, and

you get Diſ--ea--ſes.

For two BASSES.







II.

Keep Whores then, as Perfumes you wear,
Of which, your ſelves have the leaſt ſhare,
Of others Claps partake:
Your Bodies bring to th' Surgeon's hands,
And to the Scriv'ners all your Lands,
And give her your laſt Stake.

III.

While with Reaſon we bleſs the Fate
That brings us to the Marriage ſtate,
The only happy Life:
The chief Enjoyment in a King,
No Wealth nor Pow'r ſuch Joy can bring,
As does a Wife, a tender Wife.

IV.

There can be no true Friend beſide,
So oft does Intereſt divide,
But they are ſo conjoyn'd:
By this moſt ſacred Rite are grown,
That they are not one Fleſh alone,
But they are both one Mind.

——Dieu, dear Object of my Love's ex—ceſs,

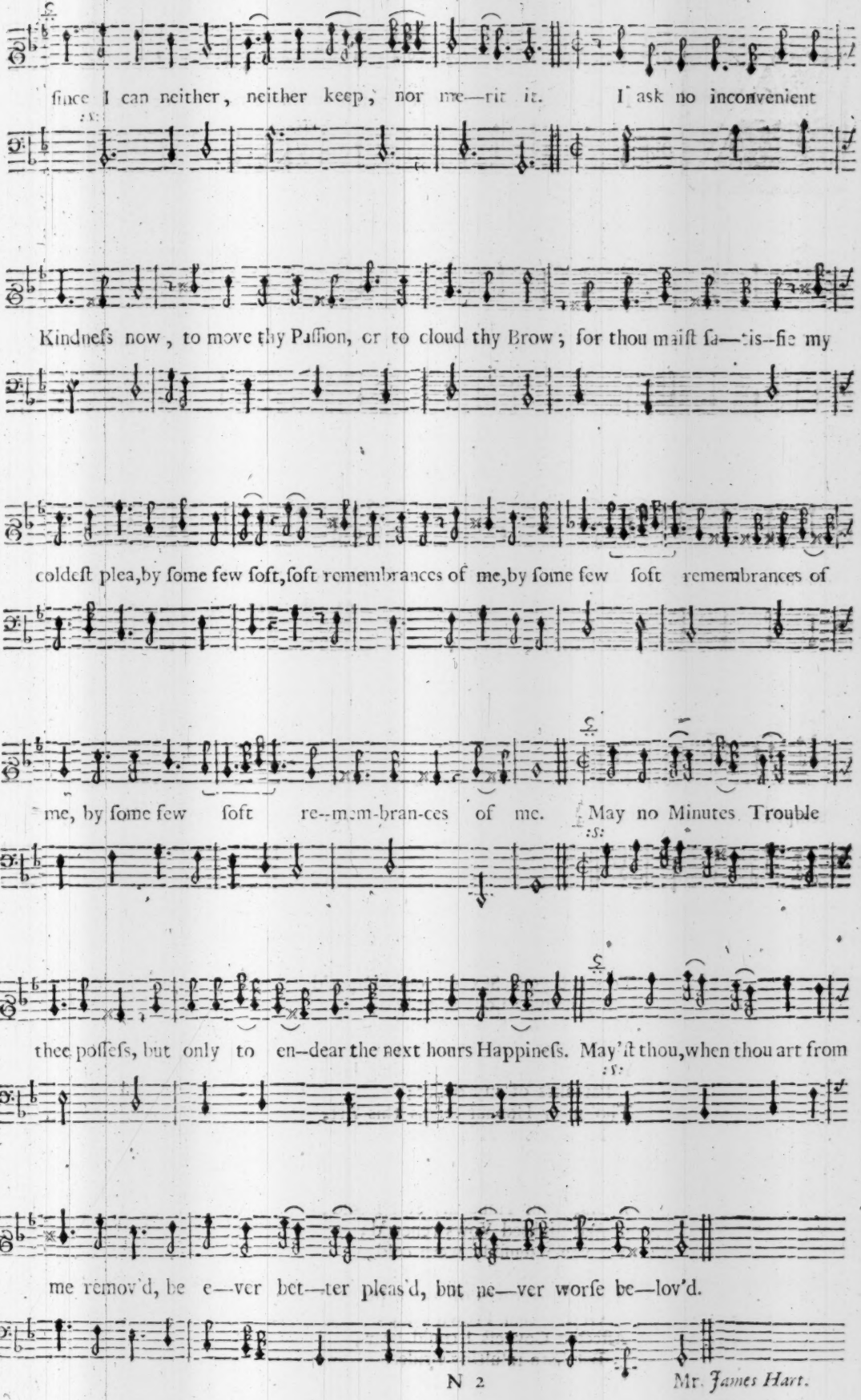
and with thee all my hopes, all my hopes of Hap--pi--neſs! Adieu, adieu, a-

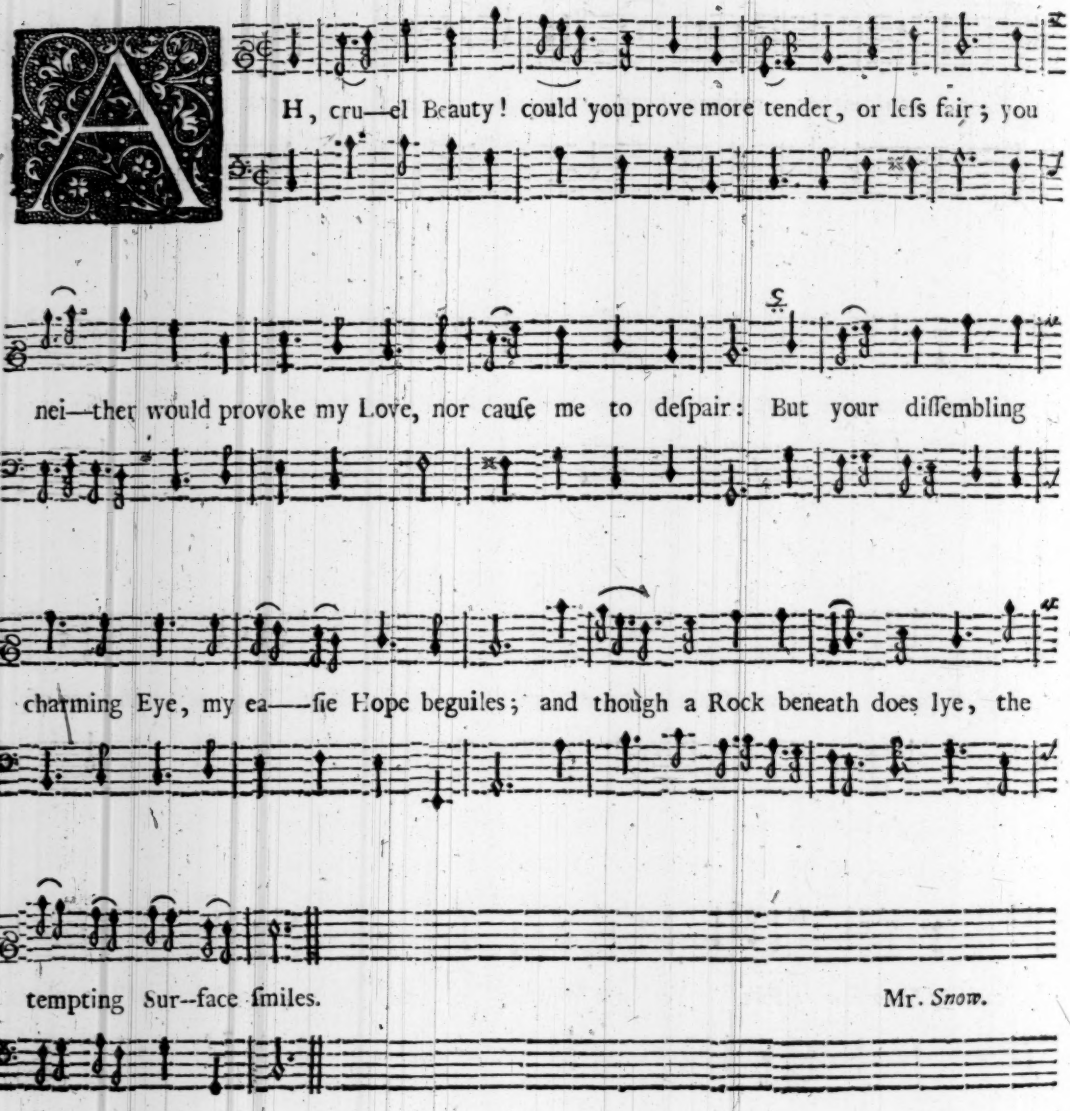
dieu, dear Object of my Love's exceſs, and with thee all my hopes, all my hopes of

Happineſs, and with thee all my Hopes of Happineſs; a——————ll my hopes,

my hopes of Happineſs! With the ſame fervent and un—chan—ged Heart,

which did its whole ſelf once to thee impart. I to reſign thy dear Converſe ſubmit,


ſince I can neither, neither keep, nor me—rit it. I ask no inconvenient
Kindneſs now, to move thy Paſſion, or to cloud thy Brow; for thou maiſt ſa—tis–fie my
coldeſt plea, by ſome few ſoft, ſoft remembrances of me, by ſome few ſoft remembrances of
me, by ſome few ſoft re--mem-bran-ces of me. May no Minutes Trouble
thee poſſeſs, but only to en--dear the next hours Happineſs. May'ſt thou, when thou art from
me remov'd, be e—ver bet—ter pleas'd, but ne—ver worſe be—lov'd.

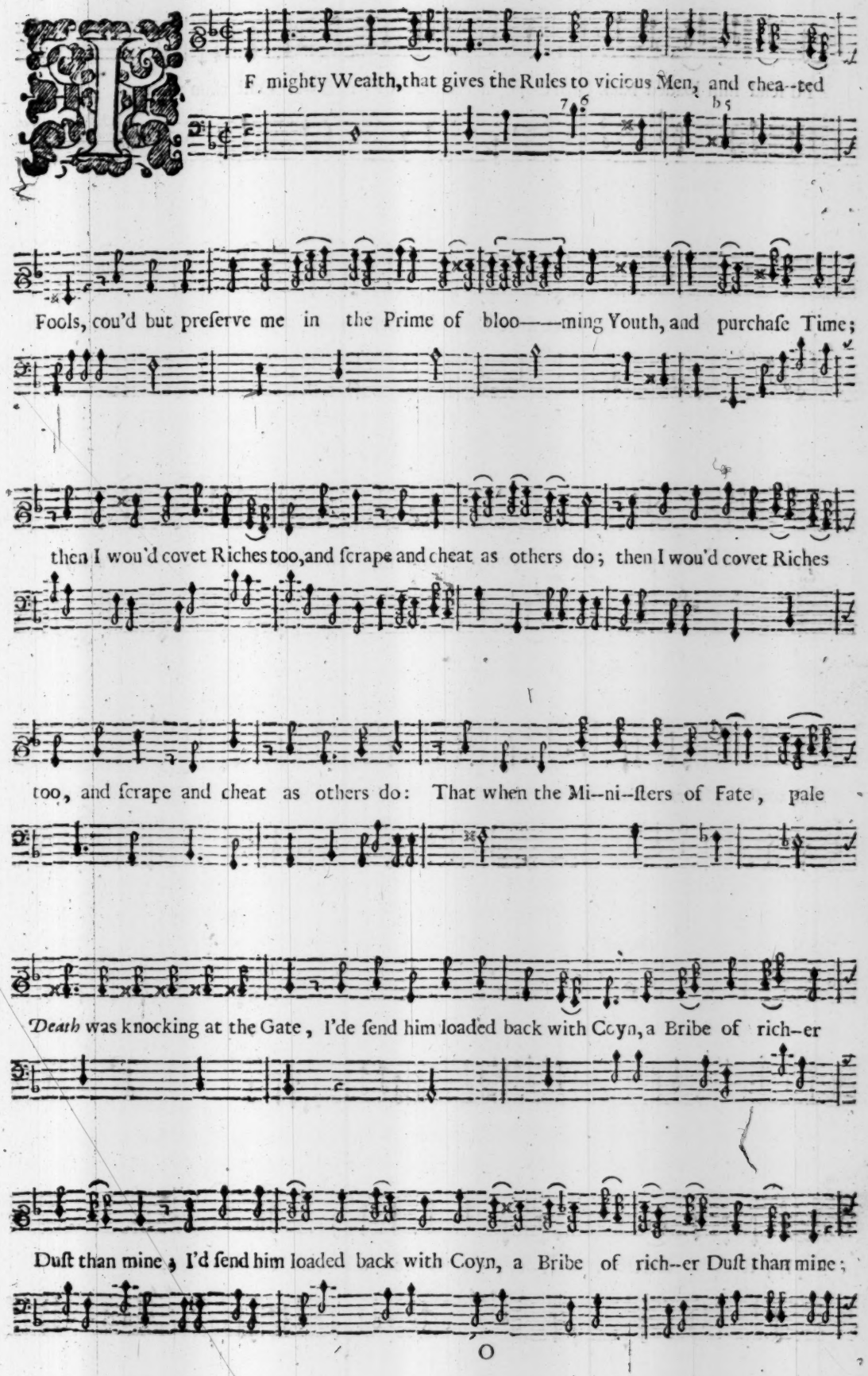


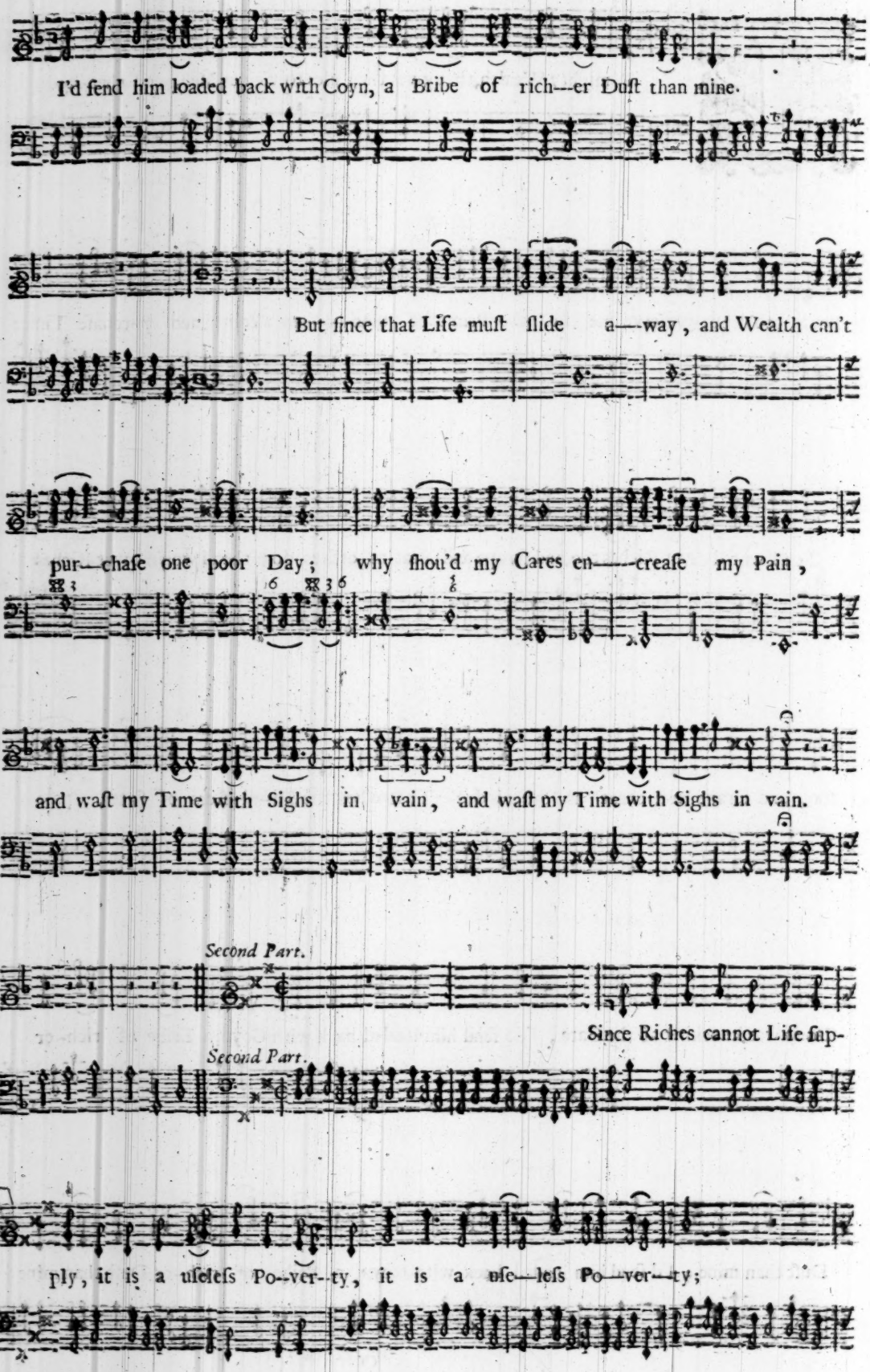
II.

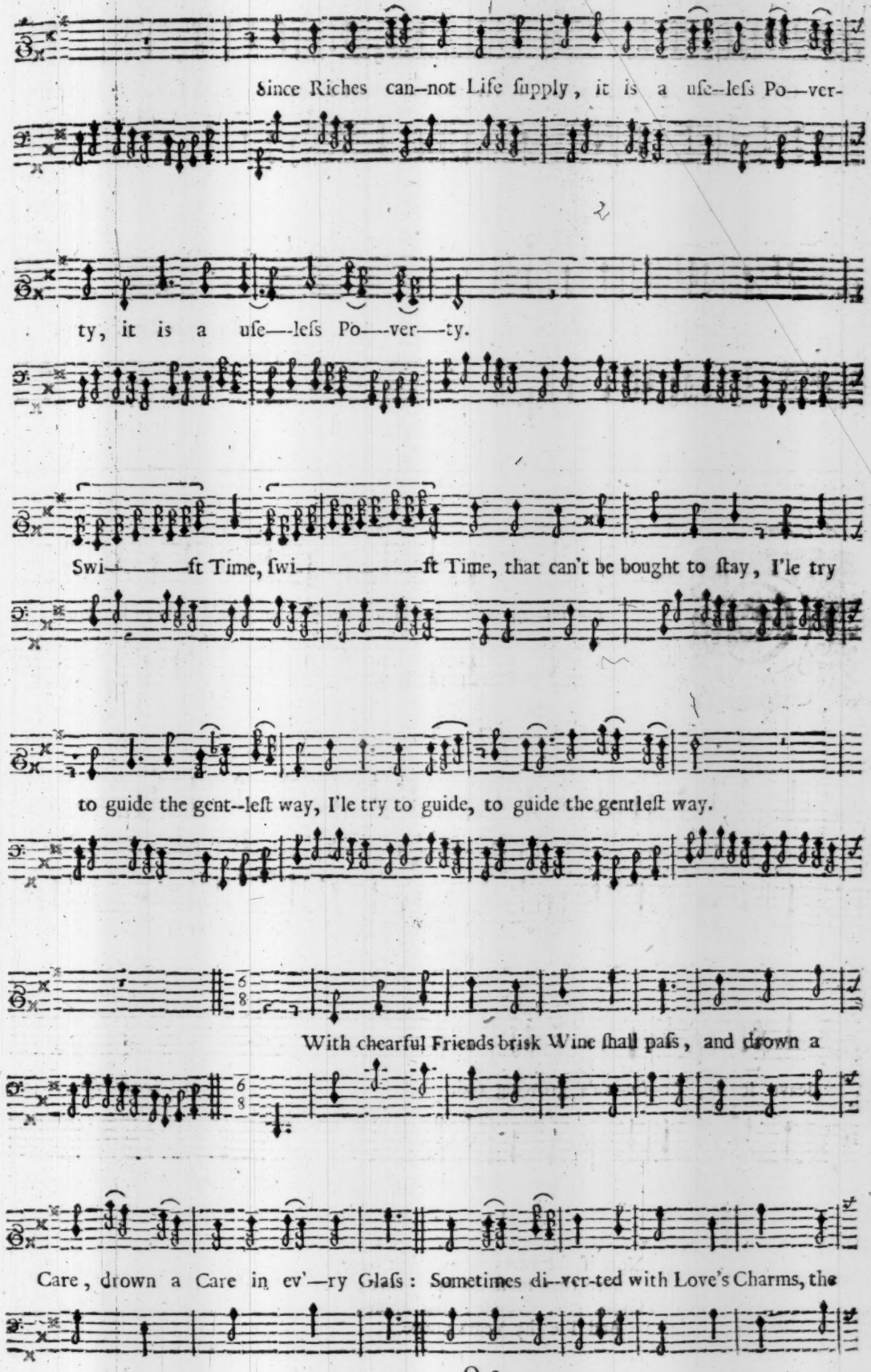
To what your Sex on ours impos'd,
My humble Love comply'd;
And when my Secret I diſclos'd,
Thought Modeſty deny'd:
Yes ſure, ſaid I, her yielding Heart
Partakes of my deſire;
Tho' nicer Honour feigns this Art,
To hide the riſing Fire.

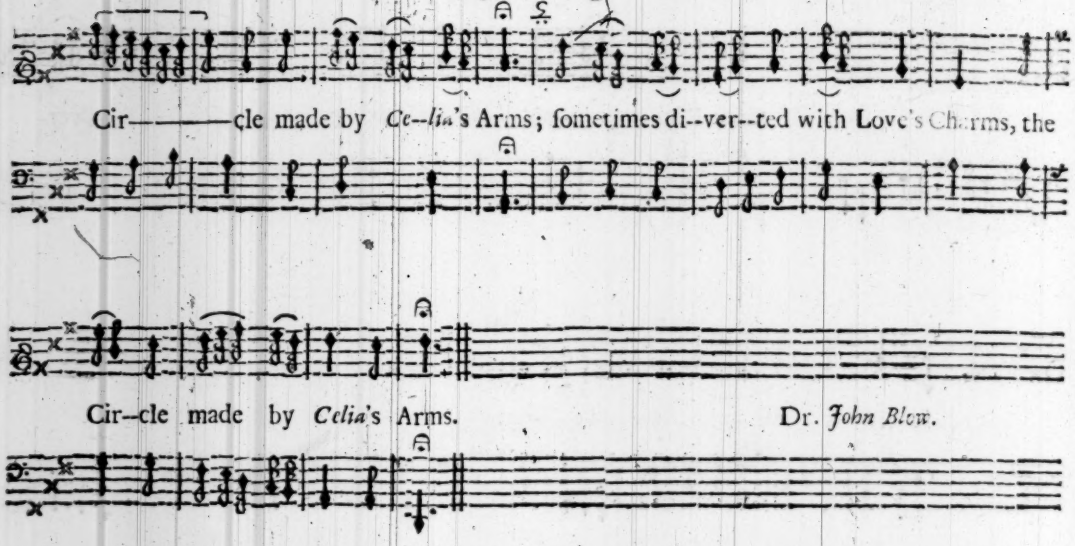
III.

Again, your Hand my Suit I told,
And ſlighted Vows renew'd;
Yet you inſenſibly were cold,
And I but vainly woo'd:
Then for returns of Scorn prepare,
Or lay that Frown aſide;
Affected Coyneſs I could bear,
But hate inſulting Pride.

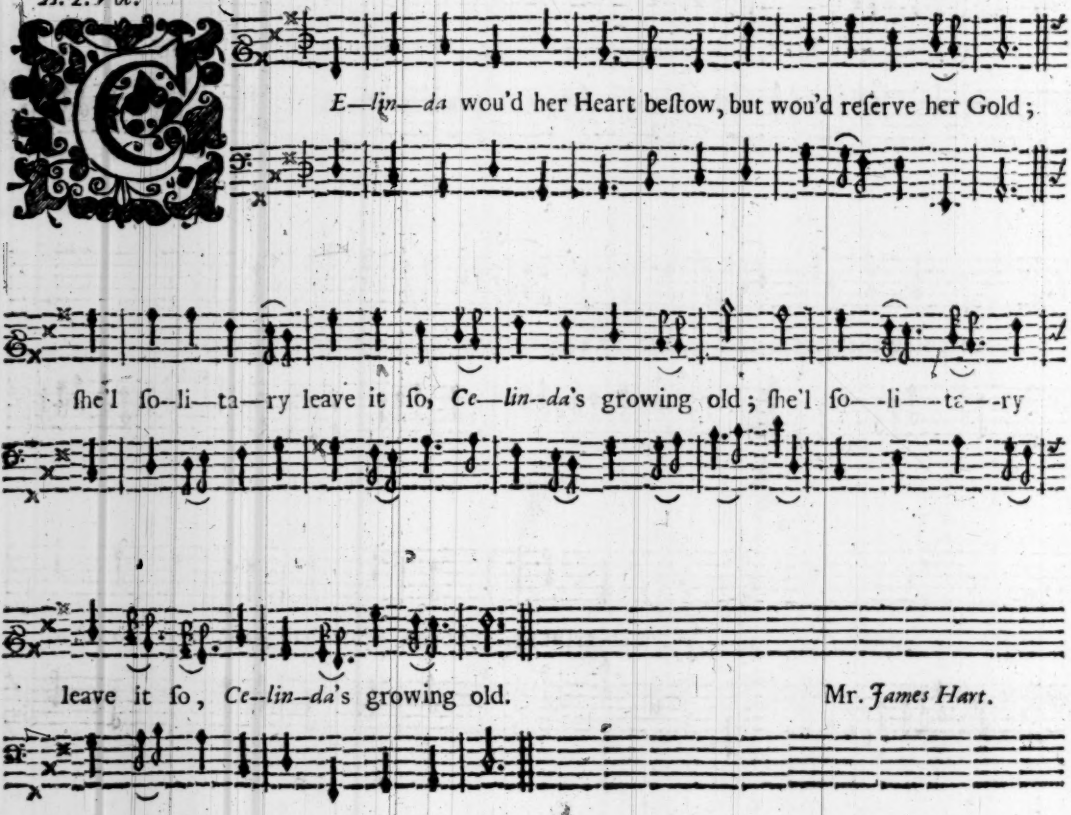

If mighty Wealth, that gives the Rules to vicious Men, and chea--ted
Fools, cou'd but preſerve me in the Prime of bloo——ming Youth, and purchaſe Time;
then I wou'd covet Riches too, and ſcrape and cheat as others do; then I wou'd covet Riches
too, and ſcrape and cheat as others do: That when the Mi--ni--ſters of Fate, pale
Death was knocking at the Gate, I'de ſend him loaded back with Coyn, a Bribe of rich--er
Duſt than mine, I'd ſend him loaded back with Coyn, a Bribe of rich--er Duſt than mine;


I'd ſend him loaded back with Coyn, a Bribe of rich—er Duſt than mine.
But ſince that Life muſt ſlide a—way, and Wealth can't
pur—chaſe one poor Day; why ſhou'd my Cares en——creaſe my Pain,
and waſt my Time with Sighs in vain, and waſt my Time with Sighs in vain.
Second Part.
Since Riches cannot Life ſup-
Second Part.
ply, it is a uſeleſs Po--ver--ty, it is a uſe—leſs Po—ver—ty;


Since Riches can--not Life ſupply, it is a uſe--leſs Po—ver-
ty, it is a uſe—leſs Po—ver—ty.
Swi———ft Time, ſwi———ft Time, that can't be bought to ſtay, I'le try
to guide the gent--leſt way, I'le try to guide, to guide the gentleſt way.
With chearful Friends briſk Wine ſhall paſs, and drown a
Care, drown a Care in ev'—ry Glaſs: Sometimes di--ver-ted with Love's Charms, the

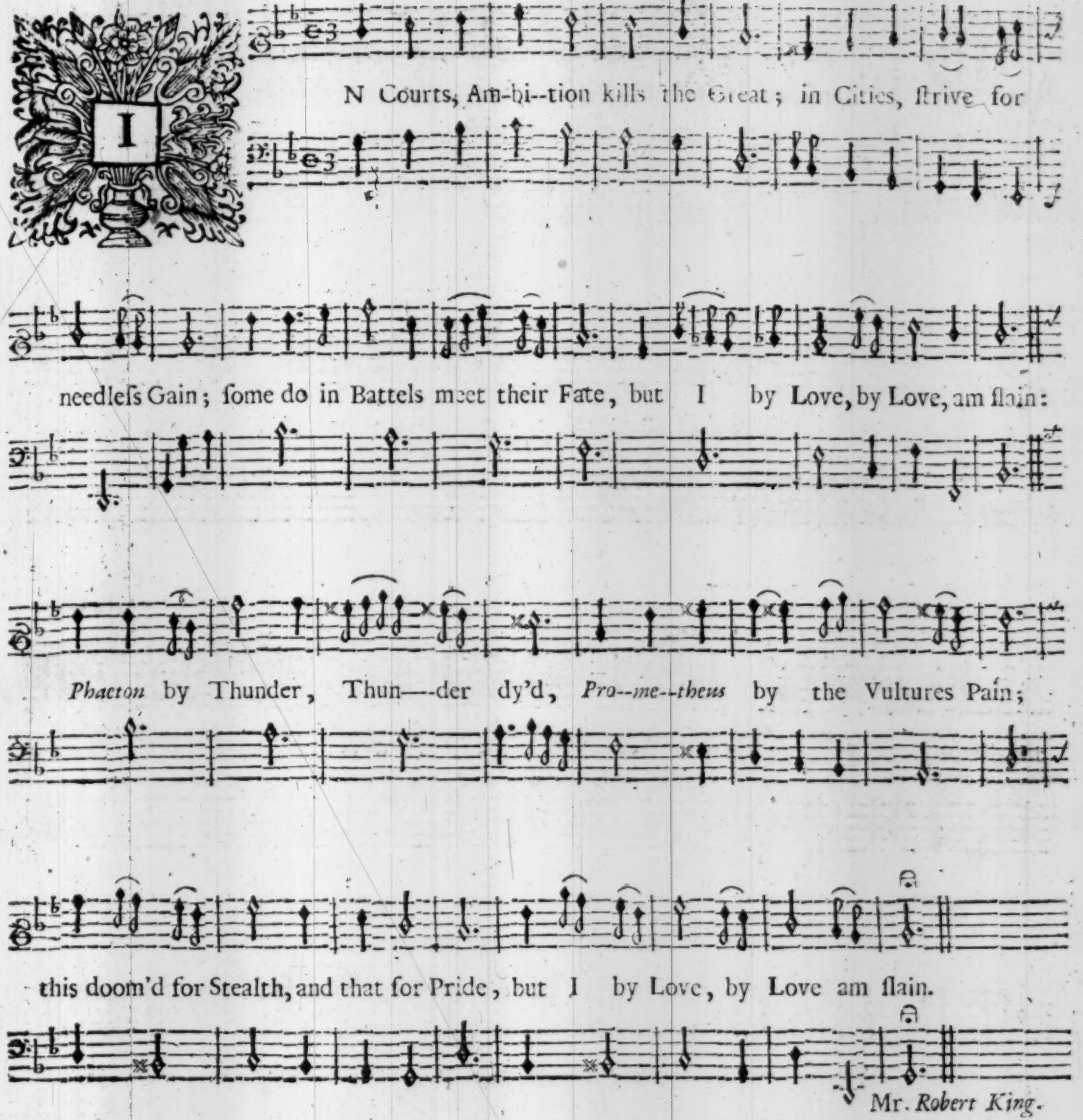


A. 2. Voc.



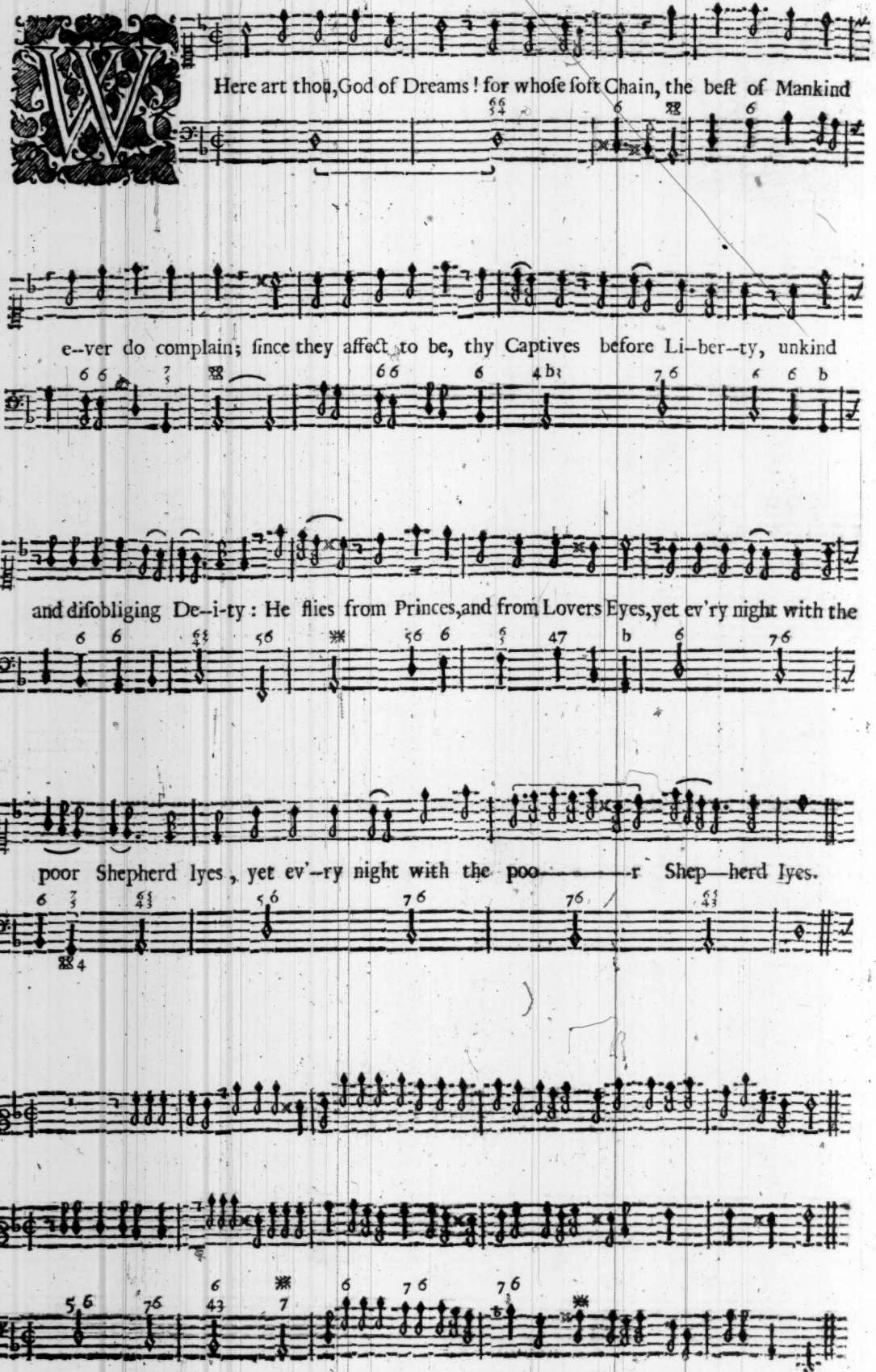
II.

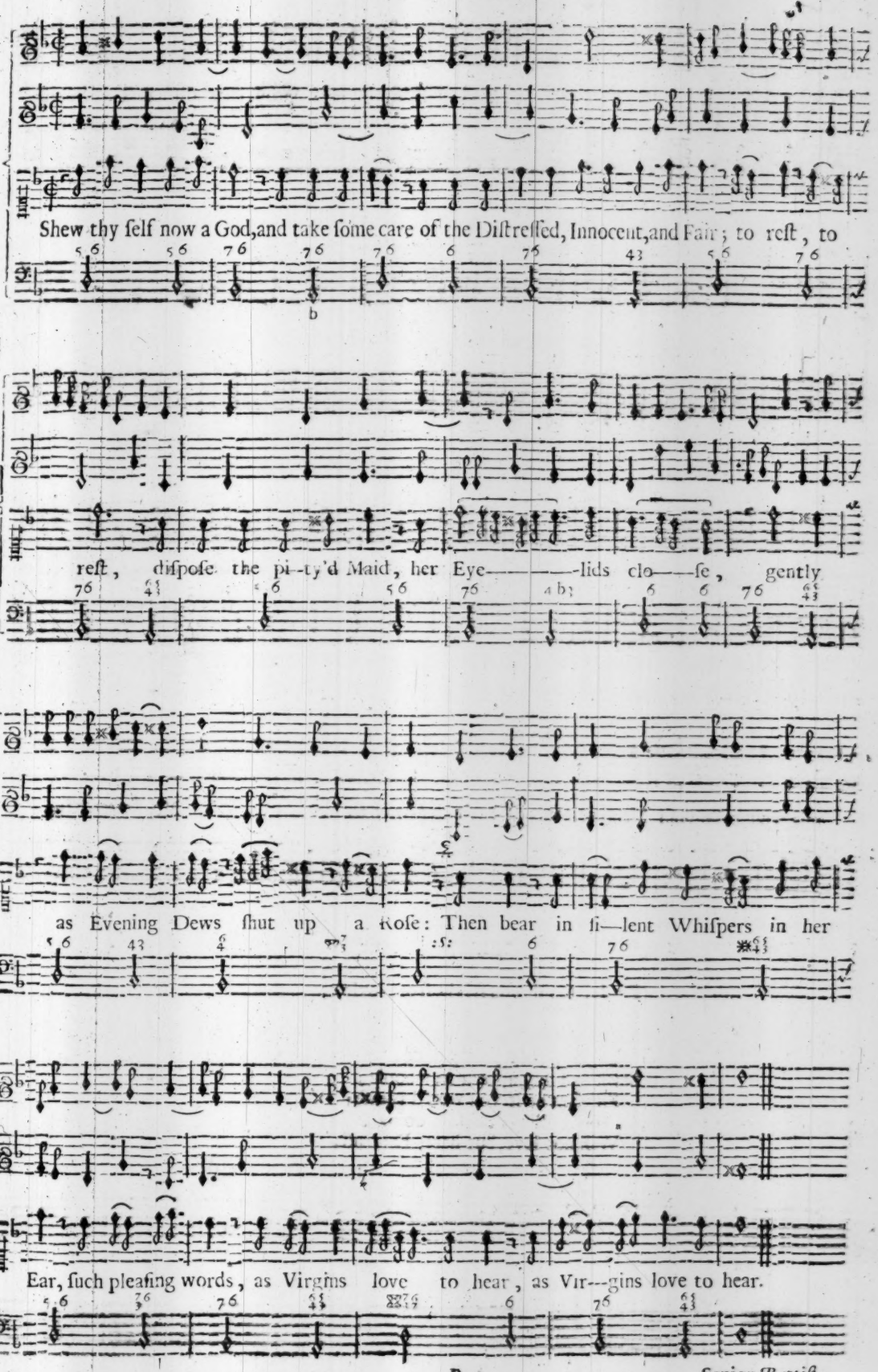
Now if ſhe vows to give but one,
Sure that muſt be her Store;
Grant me, *Celinda*, that alone,
And I'le thy Years adore.

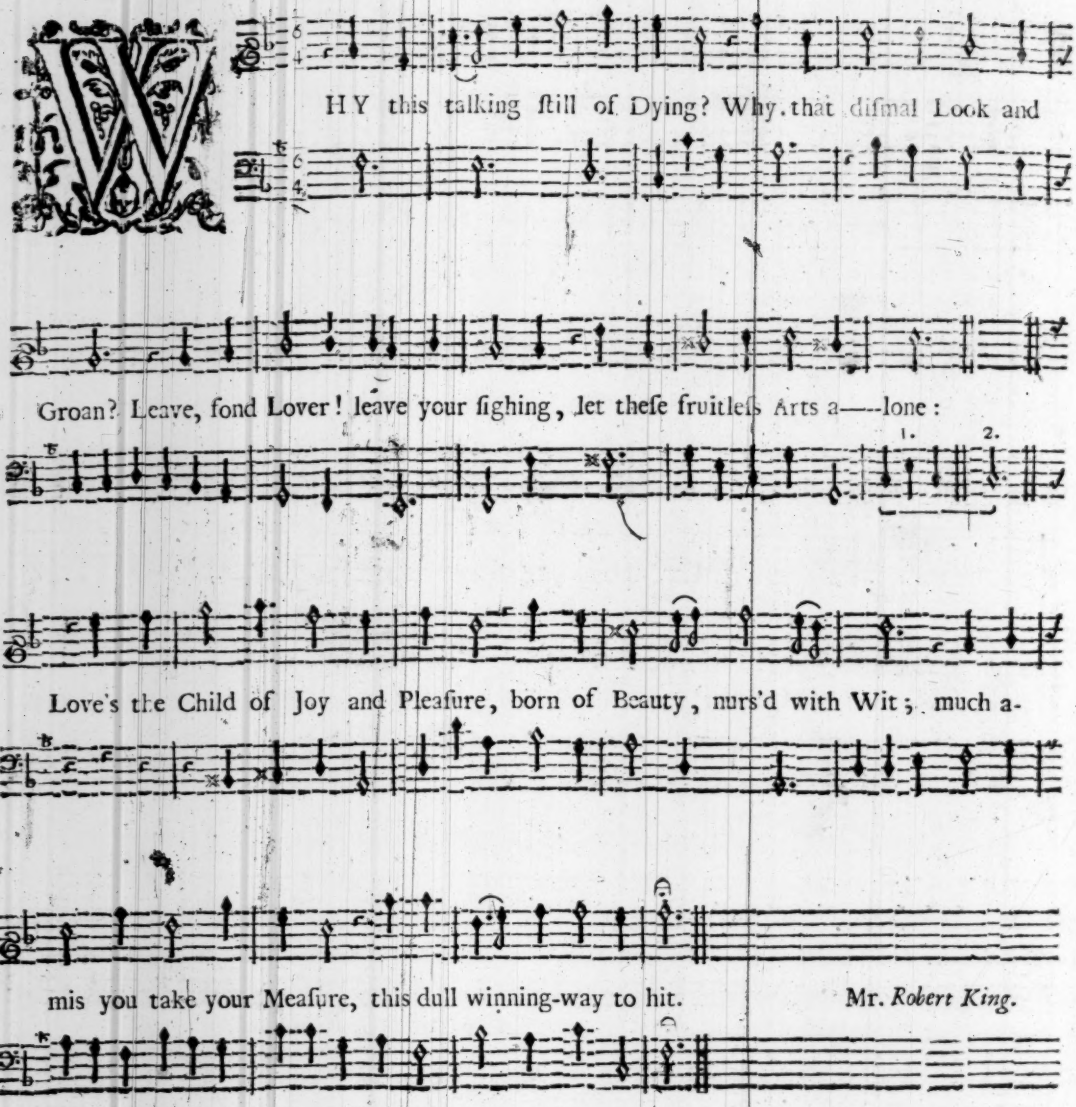


II.

Let noiſy deſperate Fools be brave,
And build up Trophy's to the Sky;
My only Wiſh, ye Gods, I have,
When at *Clorinda*'s Feet I dye:
When I, like ſome, to Greatneſs born,
To Fame and Empire rais'd up high;
That Fame, that Empire I wou'd ſcorn,
And at *Clorinda*'s Feet wou'd dye.


Here art thou, God of Dreams! for whoſe ſoft Chain, the beſt of Mankind
e--ver do complain; ſince they affect to be, thy Captives before Li--ber--ty, unkind
and diſobliging De--i-ty: He flies from Princes, and from Lovers Eyes, yet ev'ry night with the
poor Shepherd lyes, yet ev'--ry night with the poo------r Shep--herd lyes.


Shew thy ſelf now a God,and take ſome care of the Diſtreſſed, Innocent,and Fair; to reſt, to
reſt, diſpoſe the pi--ty'd Maid, her Eye-------lids clo---ſe, gently
as Evening Dews ſhut up a Roſe: Then bear in ſi---lent Whiſpers in her
Ear, ſuch pleaſing words, as Virgins love to hear, as Vir---gins love to hear.



II.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,
By the Effects they ſee in you;
If you wou'd be truly moving,
Eagerly your part purſue:
Brisk and gay appear in wooing,
Pleaſant be if you wou'd pleaſe;
All this talking, and no doing,
Will not love, but hate, Encreaſe.

FINIS.